THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

It Is Hoped That the Order Will Make a Splendid Showing at the Corner-Stone Parade of the Alexian Hospital on Sunday Afternoon.

Pleasant Reunion of Div. 20—Sangamon County Hibernians Have a Jolly Good Time in Springfield. They Are Addressed by State President Keating and John J. Mahony, of Chicago—Other News.

I desire to remind our friends who voted for the parade of the A. O. H. at the ceremonies to be connected with the demonstration at Alexian Brothers' hospital, that it is expected they will do their duty in the premises. It is announced that the place of rendezvous for the A. O. H., which will comprise the Fourth division, will be at the corner ot Eugenie street and Cleveland avenue. Divs. 3, 8, 11 and 21 are making elaborate preparations for the event and will make an excellent showing. But I await with interest the display made by those, whose prominent advocacy of parades, seems strangely inconsistent compared with their meagre contribution of members to swell the ranks.

The members of Div. 20 had a very interesting time on Friday, the 25th ult. The county president was present, and made an address under the head of good of the order. Several very interesting numbers were contributed by the members present. Brother Sheehan had his violin with him, and induced Brothers Grady of No. 20, and Loftus of No. 8 to enter into a jig and reel contest. Brother Ed. McMurrow recited in his usual excellent style, and was followed by Brother O'Connor in some well sung comic ditties. Brother Roger Mulcahy spoke on the building up of the Order and the maintenance of the strength of the divisions in a practical manner, reciting his experience during a long membership in Cook county.

Sangamon county Hibernians held a reunion in Springfield on Sunday, Sept. 28. The meeting was a very large one, and included the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary. Among the ladies present were Mrs. T. J. Gaffigan, Mrs. Ed. Fines, Misses Kate Fitzsimmons, Kate Waters, Nellie Kennedy, Mary Mahony, Lizzie Dwyer, Mamie Reilly, Nellie Connolly, Katie Connolly, Susie O'Connell and many others whose names I failed to note, but who were warm advocates of the auxiliary, and much interested in its growth. The numbers present comprised the total membership of divisions 1 and 2. I noted the following old-time workers present: County President W. F. Reilly, Robt. Connolly, Frank McGurk, P. J. Walsh, John Dwyer, W. B. Barry, James McNcNerney, P. H. Donnelly, Dr. Cain, William Daughton, Maurice Healy and Chas. Daughton. After the dispatch of some important business and discussion of matters of detail relating to the future working of the Order in Sangamon county, the state president was introduced by County President Reilly, and spoke on the present condition of the Order in the State, and the urgent need of co-operation on the part of the membership at large to enable the state officers to realize the hopes expressed at the last convention of the Order in Danville. The state president was followed by Brother Mahony of Cook county, who delivered an earnest and impressive address on the necessity of enlarging the membership and field of usefulness of Irish societies. As president of the United Irish societies of Chicago his experience lent weight to his arguments, and his able discussion of past theories exploded the musty ideas which may have existed in the minds of his hearers.

At the close of his speech Brother Mahony was much complimented, and an early revist requested, when a large number would have the opportunity of listening to the ideas of progress. The A. O. H. of Sangamon county are in excellent condition as far as discipline and practice go, but there is a large field for missionary work as yet untilled. The good men and true, who for over a score of years have been working for the cause should enlist the energies and talents of some of the young people in the community in the good work. There are thousands of young hearts in the State of Illinois who will willingly respond to the invitation to lend their aid to any effort to unite and elevate our people. Why not avail ourselves of such excellent recruiting material. I would suggest to our friends outside Cook county, that they give the above their careful consideration, and enlarge the cramped views which will retard the future growth of our great society.

In the city of Manchester, New Hampshire, is published one of the brightest Hibernian organs I have had the pleasure of reading, named the Emerald. In its issue of Sept. 19, I find the following excellent advice:

"On a previous occasion we were obliged to note certain things in regard to propositions of membership and blackballing of candidates. Our notice has recently been called to matters of this kind, which we believe proves detrimental to the Order. We are of the opinion that a matter that needs considering among members is that of blackballing a candidate. In casting unfavorable ballots the members who do so have a perfect right, but judgment should govern their action. Petty spite, hard feeling and the like should be cast aside. If at any time a member has had trouble with a candidate that is no reason why the man should be kept out, if he is fully qualified to become a member. A member should consider the welfare of the society rather than gratifying his personal spite, and many good men will not join a society, knowing full well that there are men belonging to it who would work for their rejection. Now again there are members who will bring in names of men who are unfit to be admitted into the division. They are informed of the character of the candidate, but still persist in proposing the name, thinking they can carry it through. What is the result? The man is rejected, and if a reason is asked for same, and a member who is willing to give his reasons for blackballing the candidate will stand up and there tell things of that man before one or two hundred members, half of whom never knew of him, thus is his his character placed in a bad light before so large a body of men. Would it not be acting better the part of a friend to withdraw the name after hearing the objections against the man before the meeting commenced?

"In other cases no reason will be given. Then the proposer will try and think out who might have done the blackballing, and as a rule will lay it to men who are innocent. Not stopping at this he will tell the rejected candidate that he is quite sure that John, Jim or Pat so-and-so were the ones who were the cause of his rejection, and thus make enemies for brother members. The member who will do this should have no mercy shown him—expulsion will be the only remedy to administer to him. He is not fit to be a member of any organization, and we might add he is not fit to associate with men. For the society's good, for the candidate's good name, members should be very careful when soliciting candidates for membership to find out what their private reputations are; in fact, they should know these men personally, as the proposition papers call for, and not on the spur of the moment propose a man because he is a hail fellow well met. When their candidates are blackballed they should not then and there vow vengeance, and say 'when John —— brings in a name I'll fix his man.' The man who will act like this proves that he has a weak nature, and instead of vowing vengeance the sooner he gets out of the society the better it would be for all concerned. In time he will be found out, and being found out he will be despised by those who once honored and respected him. Let us then when we are endeavoring to advance the interest of our respective divisions seek good men, and show them by our actions that our society is worthy of them and that we are fit associates. We can do this by living up to the motto of our grand old Order, 'Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity.'"

I think our New Hampshire friend is a brother who notes the weak spots in fraternal societies, and thank him for so well expressing ideas which have been a subject of some discussion in almost every society of our people.

Division 27 will have a genuine old-time reunion in Brighton on Saturday evening, Oct. 3. It is the first given by No. 27, and should be attended by every member on the South Side. Brother John Bigane says it will be such a time as will be remembered for many a day, and do more to cement unity and good feeling than any other method that could be adopted. Don't fail to be there.

The officers of Div. 8 are very anxious that their regular meeting this (Saturday) evening be attended by all the members of the division. Action will be taken regarding attendance at the laying of the corner-stone of the Alexian Brothers' new hospital on Sunday, and it is of vital importance that members who have been absent from previous meeting be sure to be present at this meeting. Tickets will also be distributed for the grand ball to be given on Nov. 14 at Brand's hall. It is hoped that every brother will attend this meeting and show his earnestness for the good of the Order. ER.

SISTERS OF MERCY GOLDEN JUBILEE

Fifty years ago the Sisters of Mercy came to Chicago, and the anniversary was celebrated by a golden jubilee at the Academy, No. 2834 Wabash avenue, last Sunday afternoon.

Five religieux left the mother house in Pittsburg half a century ago, and established a parochial school and academy at Madison street and Wabash avenue, in the shadow of the first church of St. Mary. Dr. N. S. Davis, in 1850, urged the religieux to take charge of the nursing in what was then the "Illinois General Hospital of the Lake," which proved the foundation of the present large Mercy hospital at Calumet avenue and Twenty-sixth street.

The sisters gave the same close attention to the sick they had given to the orphans in their first days of labor in Chicago. The old Lake House, on the north bank of the river, was the first harbor for the hospital, but the quarters were changed temporarily to Tippecanoe hall. An orphan asylum had been constructed on Wabash avenue, near VanBuren street, and the sick were sheltered in it till the space was outgrown and removal made necessary to the first constructed part of the present Mercy hospital. The down town structures were devoted to the school, but they were too small for the number of pupils who sought admittance, and St. Xavier's Academy was built on Wabash avenue in 1873, where it has remained since. The 220 members of the Mercy order in Chicago are divided among St. Xavier's and St. Agatha's Academies, Mercy hospital, and nine parish schools of as many Catholic churches throughout the city.

The work of the Sisters of Mercy is inseparable from the black history of Chicago, during the periods when famine and pestilence stalked through the streets and made the city their own. In 1854, while the cholera epidemic raged, the sisters discharged zealously the task of nursing the stricken, and the first Mother Superior, Agatha O'Brien, died from the disease, which had come upon her after an effort to aid a suffering family.

Particularly during the war were the sisters accorded praise for their charitable caring for wounded and sick in hospitals.

"IT SEEMS TO ME BUT YESTERDAY."

BY "NED OF THE HILL."

It seems to me but yesterday—
The world was bright and fair,
When first I woo'd, and won a bride,
With ringlets rich and rare.
The blushes on my true love's cheeks
Were roses dipt in cream:
From her blue eyes the love-light flash'd
As bright as morning's beam.

It seems to me but yesterday—
The world was bright and fair,
When first I woo'd my bonnie bride,
With ringlets rich and rare.

It seems to me but yesterday—
Our days pass'd very slow,
But cares came crowding thick and fast—
No golden afterglow
Of youth's first love—life's happy dream,
For sweetheart or for me;
Sad sorrows seem'd to forecast then
A weary world of dree.

Yet it seem'd to me but yesterday—
The world was bright and fair,
When first I woo'd my bonnie bride,
With ringlets rich and rare.

It seems to me but yesterday—
Now we are free from care,
We should unto great God above
Bow low in humble pray'r.
The flow'rets greet us in the fields
When grass is wet with dew,
And throstles from the greenwoods sing,
"True lovers—ever true."

It seems to me but yesterday—
The world is bright and fair,
I still can woo my bonnie bride,
Tho' silvered be our hair.

It seems to me but yesterday—
Our days pass calmly on,
Like skies of blue, with stars are bright,
When sunny rays are gone,
The evening of our life will be
One golden lapse of light,
And purpled with a love for God,
For land, for truth, for right.

It seems to me but yesterday—
The world is bright and fair,
I still will woo my bonnie bride,
Tho' silvered be our hair.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The second field day given by the Gaelic Athletic association was carried out at the grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street, last Sunday. The attendance was not as large as expected, but the coolness of the weather accounted for the drawback. The various events on the programme were well contested, and concluded with a wrestling match between J. King and W. J. Mahoney, which was highly appreciated by the spectators. On Sunday, Oct. 4, the Innisfails and O'Connells will try conclusions at football. This will be one of the best contests of the season. The Young Irelands and O'Neill Crowleys will also meet at football.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Harvest Excursions.

On Sept. 29, and Oct. 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet (no charge) about western farm lands to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

A BRILLIANT REBEL.

How Col. John Warren, of "Erin's Hope" Fame, Measured Intellects With a Partisan "Lord" Chief Justice and "Floored Him" From the Dock.

The Man Whose Gallant Stand For American Citizenship, as Well as Irish Liberty Brought About the Destruction of the British Maxim, Once a Subject, Always a Subject.

When the news that the fighting had begun, in March, 1867, reached the Brotherhood in America, active steps were at once taken to aid the rebels. A vast store of arms had been procured, and a brigantine of 200 tons burthen purchased for their transmission to Ireland. The arms had been carefully packed away in piano and sewing machine cases and wine barrels, and were addressed as if consigned to a Cuban port. On the 12th of April, 1867, a party of between forty and fifty men went down from New York to Sandy Hook, where they boarded the vessel then called the Jackmel. They had been nearly all officers in the American army. In order not to direct the attention of the American authorities to their movements they carried no personal luggage with them, and the ship sailed without papers or colors. The commander was John F. Kavanagh, a brigadier-general, and at one time a member of Congress. Among those on board were Col. Warren, Col. Nagle and Lieut. Augustine E. Costello. The ship steered for one day in the direction of the West Indies in order to disarm suspicion, and then headed for Ireland. When vessels bore in sight the English colors were hoisted, and it was not until Easter Sunday, April 29, that all disguise was abandoned and the Irish flag floated over a determined body of men prepared to die in its honor. On that day the ship was renamed the "Erin's Hope," the sealed orders under which she was then sailed by the captain, and the Fenian commissions distributed among the officers on board.

The orders were to sail for Sligo Bay, where an officer in the Republican army would place himself in communication with them, and inform them where, if possible, they should land their men and arms. Sligo Bay was reached on the 20th of May, and the ship cruised off the shore for several days. One afternoon a small hooker came alongside, and the expected envoy of the Republican movement in the person of Col. Rick Burke—for the intended release of whom the walls of Clerkenwell prison were afterwards blown down—went on board. Col. Burke told them that it was impossible to land their men and arms at Sligo, and on 26th of May the ship weighed anchor and sailed south. On the 1st of June she reached Dungarvan, and the news that a landing had been effected at Helwick Point soon startled the authorities. When the men had landed the ship immediately left the coast and proceeded on her return journey.

Twenty-seven of the invading force fell into the hands of the police, and two of them, Warren and Costello, together with Gen. Halpin, who had no connection whatever with the expedition, were indicted at the Commission which opened in Dublin on the 25th of October, 1867. Warren was a native of Clonakilty, and had emigrated to America before the inception of the Fenian movement. As an American citizen he claimed the right to be tried by a jury, half of whom should be composed of aliens. The judge refused the application, stating that a natural born subject of the British crown could never shake off his allegiance to that crown. Warren protested against being arraigned, as his American citizenship had been ignored, and he instructed his counsel to withdraw.

In the course of his speech for the prosecution, the attorney-general alluded to the prisoner as a man who had been dismissed from the American service, and on the conclusion of the address, Warren rose in the dock and said:

"I take this, the earliest opportunity of contradicting and denouncing the vile falsehood by which, in the speech just concluded, a stain for the first time is sought to be cast upon my character as an officer of the American nation."

The Chief Baron—This really is irregular, prisoner. We can't hear you at this stage.

Prisoner—My lord, on the mere statement of a perjured traitor it has gone forth here that I was dismissed from the American service. It is a falsehood, told for a villainous purpose.

The Attorney-General—Oh, really, my lord, this is ——

Prisoner—Such an act towards a man in my position here is cruelty and cowardice, and I here denounce it as the act of a liar and a coward. (Great sensation in court.)

On being interrogated in the usual way before sentence, Col. Warren, stepping forward to the front of the dock, said that as he had not addressed the court on the occasion of his trial, he would claim that privilege now, which he understood had long been established by many precedents.

The Lord Chief Baron—We are prepared to hear you now.

Warren—I desire, my lord, in the first place, to explain that, while ignoring the jurisdiction of this court to sentence me, assuming my original position, I desire to make a few remarks with reference to my reasons for interfering in the case. I know I can see beyond my present position the importance of this case; and I was desirous to instruct the jury, if possible, as to the importance of their decision, while never for a moment deviating from the position which I assumed. I submit that I effectually did that, and that they erroneously and foolishly for themselves and for the country of which they claim to be subjects, have raised an issue which must be settled by a higher tribunal——

The Lord Chief Justice—This is a subject on which we cannot allow you to proceed. We cannot suffer the place in which you stand to be made the arena for appeals to those who may sympathize with you in opinion, either here or elsewhere, and we cannot allow you to refer to any matter beyond that which belongs to the business in which we are now engaged, and that is the pronouncing of sentence upon you. You are at liberty to state anything you may have to say against that being done.

Warren—I have said all I intend to say on that subject, and will now refer to the nature of the evidence on which I was convicted. I consider that a duty which is due to myself and a privilege which——

The Lord Chief Baron—It is right for me to tell you that this is not the time nor stage of these proceedings in which you are at liberty to comment on the evidence, with the view to show that the verdict ought not to have been what it has been. We are not at liberty to entertain any discussion on the propriety of the verdict, unless you can point out something in point of law which makes the verdict a wrong one.

Warren—I propose to prove that the verdict is in contradiction to the evidence, and to show——

The Lord Chief Baron—That we are not at liberty to allow you to do.

Warren—May I not state why the sentence of this court might not be pronounced against me? Am I to understand you to refuse me those privileges which have been accorded to all political prisoners for years past?

The Lord Chief Baron—You are certainly not to believe that we wish to interrupt you or refuse you anything which in point of law you are entitled to. You are not, in point of law, at liberty now to comment on the evidence on which you were found guilty, and you are not at liberty to impeach the jury.

Warren—Have I not the privilege of commenting on the evidence adduced on my trial?

The Lord Chief Baron—You have not the privilege of commenting on the evidence for the purpose of showing that the verdict was wrong. You are at liberty to comment on any matter which may affect the propriety of pronouncing sentence upon you, assuming always the verdict to be right, which we are bound to do.

Warren—I wish to state, my lords, that as you are disposed to take from me a privilege which has been established by precedent in this very court——

The Lord Chief Baron—There is no such privilege which ought to be extended to you, and there is no such precedent.

Warren—Has it not been accorded to every political prisoner sentenced within the last two years in this court?

The Lord Chief Baron—They have been allowed to address the court, and we will now allow you to address us, and hear all that you have to say within the limits of the law. But the law does not allow us to permit, at this stage, the verdict of the jury to be impeached by any comments upon the evidence. The time for that was before the jury gave their verdict; but after that verdict has been pronounced it binds us as it binds you. Anything in point of law which attaches infirmity to that verdict we will hear, or anything which you may have to allege against sentence being pronounced against you.

Warren—What position do I stand in now, my lord? I have been indicted with a number of person, some of whom have been identified even in America. I have been tried. What position do I stand in? Am I convicted on the evidence of Corydon, who swears that I belonged to the Fenian confederacy in 1868, and does the circumstance of my being connected with that confederation in 1863 prove that I belonged to it in 1867? Am I guilty of the overt act of the 5th of March, on which I stand convicted and wait your sentence now?

The Lord Chief Baron—You have heard the law laid down by me to the jury. The law which I was bound to lay down according to established authority, that if they believed upon the evidence that on the 5th of March you belonged to the Fenian confederacy, having for its object the deposition of the queen, you were at that time guilty of the act done on the 5th of March, whether you were present or not, for you were answerable for the acts of your confederates. That is the law.

Warren—You instructed the jury at the same time that the circumstance of my holding the position of a colonel was a sufficient corroboration of Corydon's evidence that I belonged to the confederation in 1863, and that it was open to them to say whether it was not also corroborative of the fact that I was a member of the brotherhood in March, 1867. These were the points of the evidence on which I presume I was found guilty.

The Lord Chief Baron—You are under some misapprehension there. I told the jury that the fact of your having held the rank of colonel was evidence for their consideration, upon which they were to determine whether you had belonged to the Fenian confederacy at a period anterior to the 12th of April, and I told them they were at liberty to consider that you would not have been appointed to that rank if you had then joined it for the first time, but I did not tell them it proved the testimony of the accomplice.

Warren—Perfectly the same thing, my lord, only in different phraseology. Am I to understand that I have not the privilege of addressing this court as to why you should not pronounce sentence upon me?

The Lord Chief Baron—You are not so to consider. As I have before explained, you are at liberty to show why the sentence ought not to be pronounced, but you are not at liberty to comment upon the evidence for the purpose of showing that the verdict was wrong.

Warren—Why can I not comment upon the evidence, and let the gentlemen who formed that jury see that the decision they came to was a wrong one?

The Lord Chief Baron—I have answered that question already.

Warren—What can I refer to? I have not come here to speak upon a church or political matter. I am not here to interfere with anything outside my own case. What can I refer to but my own trial, and the evidence arising therein?

The Lord Chief Baron—I have informed you what we are bound to rule.

Warren—I will state, my lord, that as an American citizen, I protest against the whole jurisdiction of this court, from the commencement, in arraigning and trying me forcibly, and convicting me on the evidence of men whom you term to be of the most odious character. You instructed the jury positively and strongly on one occasion; but your subsequent instructions modified that advice—that no respectable jury could convict upon his evidence, and that it was a calamity for any government to use it. That jury afterwards convicted me on his uncorroborated evidence. I don't want to say anything disrespectful to the bench or the jury, but I want to say something as to the nature of the evidence on which I stand a felon in the dock here today, and I think it is a privilege which you ought to accord me, a thing which to my knowledge has been accorded to every man who had stood in the position which I now occupy. I will refer to matters connected with this case which are extraordinary. Corydon swears in his first information that he knew me as a centre in 1865; that he found out could be disproved, and he alters the figures in evidence to 1863. Corydon also swears that I was a captain in 1861, when he first saw me; that he also departs from. I am a soldier; I belong to the National militia. In case of war my position is naturally in the army; I have a natural yearning for that. Should your government take me on the battlefield, what position am I placed in? I am guilty of high treason, and if I am taken on the high seas I could be strung up by the yard arm. It is a false position to place a man in, and it is a matter which must be settled without delay by the governments. I have communicated with my government, and it is treating the matter with undue haste to bring me here for sentence today. Although the spirit which can never bend is nearly broken—I can scarce make out your lordship from the distance I am so incapacitated from the severity of your confinement—though I would consider it happiness to be removed from the bastile I am at present confined in, I must say you are treating this matter with undue haste. Your law claims not ourselves merely but our sons. Yea, it goes further, and demands allegiance from our grandsons—the third generation. By that law, President Andrew Johnson, Secretary Seward and Governor Fenton, of New York, are British subjects; by that law Gen. Washington and Benjamin Franklin were all guilty of treason, and you could have hanged the whole of them at any time you thought proper. This is a matter which affects not me only, but thousands placed in similar circumstances with myself. It was a matter which would assume a most momentous and important size.

The Lord Chief Baron—We cannot allow you to refer to the acts or contemplated acts of any government or body of men.

Warren—I am simply going to state, my lord, that the position of your government——

The Lord Chief Baron—We cannot allow you to speak of any government, not even our own government. We have nothing to do with governments. We are here to dispense justice according to law, and whatever the officials of our government or the officials of the American government may have done cannot have the slightest effect on our judgment. It can neither affect us favorably to the prisoner nor unfavorably to the prisoner, favorably to the crown nor unfavorably to the crown. We stand neutral between both, and we are only to administer against or for both according to the law of the land.

Warren—I ask no favor in the matter. I am ready for the full measure. I know you will do what is honorable and fair in the matter; but I was simply going to state that while the government of the United States was being pressed——

The Lord Chief Baron—I cannot allow you to proceed.

Warren—I must conclude then. I have never been stopped in saying what I wished, but you have flanked me this time completely. You will now permit me to renew the protest against the whole jurisdiction of the court. I have perfect confidence that my government will see justice done to me, and that they will hold me right in the position I have taken. My application, my lord, to the president of the United States——

The Lord Chief Baron again interposed, when Warren said—I must state, then, in conclusion, that, while ignoring the jurisdiction of this court, I have to thank you for your forbearance, though you would not hear all I had to say. These trials will be recorded in history, and so will my sentence. I am ready for the full measure—for the longest term you can bestow.

He was then sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He was discharged, however, early in 1869, and only survived his rigorous prison treatment a few years. [Col. Warren died less than two years ago in Boston.]—Irish Weekly Independent.

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HUB IN A HUBBUB.

Wind-Up of the Faction Fight Among the Democrats.

ALL EXCEPT A FEW OF ONE MIND.

Three Separate Conventions Held and Each Nominates the Same State Ticket with George Fred Williams at the Head—Gold Minority Adds Variety by Putting Up Other Men—One Life Lost by Accident in the Struggle

Boston, Sept. 28.—The "Hub" was in a hubbub Saturday, and during the day added a new page to the sensational part of the history of politics in the United States. There have been other exciting political scenes in Boston, but none that was "in it" with those of Saturday. The peculiarity of it all is that now it looks as though the scenes were entirely unnecessary, for the two Democratic conventions that can claim the delegates nominated the same ticket although meeting one in a hall and the other in the open air. The ticket nominated is as follows: For governor, George Fred Williams; lieutenant governor, J. C. Callahan; secretary of state, Joseph H. Potts; treasurer and receiver general, Thomas S. Watson; attorney general, John D. O'Donnell; auditor, Morris B. Cavanaugh.

Beginning of the Bay State Fight.

The factional fight in the ranks of the hitherto united Massachusetts Democracy can be traced back to the Chicago convention of last July, when, in the struggle between gold and silver, George Fred Williams and a few others boldly left the majority of the Massachusetts delegation and voted for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Since that time the "rift in the lute" has gradually become wider, and the epithets of "traitors" and "would-be dictators" were bandied about freely. But the peculiarity again is that the party managers who were opposed to free silver were in a smaller minority even than they were at the Chicago convention as was demonstrated by the action of the two conventions held Saturday. In other words had the convention been held in one hall there does not seem to have been the least chance for the gold men to have headed off anything the silver men desired.

George Fred's Men Held the Fort.

When the sun rose Saturdday there were 600 accredited delegates to the state convention in the Music hall where Williams had made such a dramatic speech Friday night, and there they stayed with the doors locked. Early Saturday thousands of men, scores of whom were delegates from out of town, assembled around Music hall, expecting the doors to be opened at any moment that a compromise might ensue. Overtures were made by the members of the state central committee, and they were rejected by the men in possession of the hall, who were fearful of treachery. The men on the outside then organized in Hamilton place, in response to the suggestion of Timothy W. Coakley, the locked-in leader of the silver men, and whatever business was transcated in the hall was indorsed by the outside meeting.

And the State Committee Also.

Even the state committee was silver, it seems; for after trying in vain to get into Music hall that body went to Faneuil hall, where a convention was held, and the national candidates and the Chicago platform were indorsed, and George Fred Williams was nominated for gubernatorial honors. This action was protested by a number of gold standard Democrats, who withdrew in a body, and placed a ticket favorable to Palmer and Buckner in the field, on nomination papers. The ticket, as filed by the National Democratic state committee of Massachusetts, includes presidential electors and state officers, the latter headed by George O. Prince for governor. The Populist state convention met at Wesleyan hall and indorsed the Music hall nominees.

One Man Loses His Life.

Friday night's proceedings at Music hall were not without a tragic feature. James Hughes, a delegate from Somerville, lost his life in an effort to get out of the hall by a fire escape in the rear. Hughes was preparing to jump to the ground, fifteen feet below, when his foot slipped, and, in trying to save himself, he seized a wire dangling near. The wire was a live one, and with an agonized cry Hughes fell senseless on the fire escape, and then tumbled to the ground, where he died before any one could reach him.

THACHER IS OUT OF THE RACE.

Cannot Run on a Platform Declaring for Free Silver.

Albany, Sept. 28.—The Democrats of this state are without a head to their state ticket, John Boyd Thacher declining to run on the platform adopted by the Buffalo convention. As in his statement issued a week ago, he took time by the forelock and didn't wait for the notification committee which was to have visited him Saturday, but came out in a letter in advance of the committee's visit declining the nomination. He says he was away from Albany at the time of his nomination and it was not until the night of the convention day that he learned the character of the platform upon which he was nominated.

He declares he had no reason to expect, after the Saratoga convention's declaration and the attitude of the New York delegates at the Chicago convention, that the Buffalo gathering would commit the party to free silver; that his object in permitting the use of his name was to contend against "bossism" in state politics, and to further municipal reforms, and that he believed the people would be with him on that issue. He adds: "It is impossible for me, with the views I hold, to make a contest on the coinage issue. I believe in the good old Democratic doctrine of the joint, free and equal use of gold and silver. This doctrine is as far removed from the single use of gold, which enables speculators to juggle with its value, as it is from that other principle which seeks to establish an impossible ratio for its sister metal."

New York, Sept. 29.—Wilber F. Porter of Watertown, was nominated last night by the Democratic state committee for governor, to take the place of John Boyd Thacher. Frederick C. Shrauls, of Lewis was nominated for lieutenant governor to take the place of Porter.

During the meeting Purroy asked how it was to know that Porter stood on the platform. To this Danforth replied: "I am assured by the state committeemen from Judge Porter's district that he is in full accord with the candidates and the platform of the Chicago convention, and I am also informed by Mr. St. John that he has a telegram from Judge Porter to that effect." Senator Hill was conspicuous by his absence.

VETERANS GATHER AT ROCKFORD.

Society of the Army of the Cumberland Holding Its Annual Reunion.

Rockford, Ills., Sept. 24.—Several hundred distinguished veterans arrived here yesterday to attend the twenty-sixth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, which continues today. Much of the first day was given over to the reception of visitors and to regimental reunions. A business session was held in the morning, at which letters of regret were read from many prominent members of the society, detained by campaign work, ill-health, etc. Numerous reports were presented, including a lengthy one by General H. V. Boynton on the work of the Chickamauga park commission. Grand Rapids, Columbus and Chattanooga have delegations here working for the location of next reunion. In the afternoon the visitors were given a drive over the city. Last eveping a big reunion was held at the opera house, at which General David S. Stanley, of Washington, made the principal oration.

Rockford, Ills., Sept. 25.—The final business session of the Army of the Cumberland was held yesterday, and the following officers were elected: President, W. S. Rosecrans; corresponding secretary, H. A. Boyden, Columbus, O., was selected as the place for next meeting. A telegram was received from General Rosecrans, sending a warm greeting to his old comrades. The session adjourned to next year after selecting Major General H. Wilson, of Delaware, captain of the cavalry which captured Jeff Davis, orator for the next year. Judge Arba N. Waterman, of Chicago, was chosen as alternate.

TOM JOHNSON'S PRIZE MILE.

Crack Wheelman Does It in 1:47—That Welsh Wonder Again.

Trenton, Sept. 29.—The national circuit meet of the L. A. W. opened at the annual interstate fair at this place yesterday and as a result over 10,000 persons were present, the largest in the history of the fair. John S. Johnson, paced by two quads and a triplet, beat all previous public records for one mile, crossing the tape in 1:47 flat, the best previous time being 1:48⅘ made by Tyler at Waltham, Mass., in 1894. "Jimmy" Michael, the Welshman, paced by two quads and a triplet, covered five miles in 9:51 4-5, the fastest time ever made on any track.

The best record ever made on a trotting track such as the one here was by Michael four days ago at Waverly Park, when he established a record of 10:01 1-5. There were a number of "spills" in several of the events. In the third heat of the 2-mile handicap (professional) Otto Ziegler, the California wonder, broke his [illegible]

Steamer Hope Sighted.

North Sydney, C. B., Sept. 28.—The Peary expedition steamer Hope is just passing in here. She left St. Johns, N. F., July 10 last, touched at Halifax on July 16, and latter passed Sydney on her way north with Lieutenant Peary, Professor Alf Burton and George H. Burton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; G. N. Putnam, assistant in the United States coast and geodetic survey; Professor Ralph S. Tarr of Cornell university; Professor A. C. Gill, and others on board. The main object of the cruise was to bring home a forty-ton meteorite which was discovered by Lieutenant Peary at Cape York.

Double Tragedy at New Orleans.

New Orleans, Sept. 28.—A double tragedy occurred in a Bourbon street boarding house Saturday morning. Harry Goldsmith, a solicitor for a debenture company, and Joseph Goldstein, a clothing drummer, board in the house. Recently they have been playing pranks on each other, Saturday morning they quarreled about a joke that Goldstein had perpetrated on Goldsmith. The latter secured his revolver and asked Goldstein to his room and shot him twice in the head, inflicting mortal wounds. Goldsmith then turned the pistol to his own head and blew out his brains. Both men are young and unmarried.

Death of James F. Joy.

Detroit, Sept. 25.—Hon. James F. Joy died at his home in this city at an early hour yesterday morning of heart disease, aged 86 years. Mr. Joy was well-known in railroad circles throughout the country both as a promoter and manager. He had been president of the Michigan Central and the Wabash system and was instrumental in building the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and afterward extended it to the Indian territory.

Much Wanted Man Arrested.

Kansas City, Sept. 28.—C. W. T. Heaton, a man with a dozen aliases and said to be wanted in several parts of the country for forgery and other crimes, has been arrested here, charged with swindling a Colorado jeweler. Three months ago Heaton finished a term in the Missouri penitentiary for forgery. He is an associate of I. W. Ash, with a number of aliases, who is wanted in the west for forgery.

Politics Costs Two Lives.

Gray, W. Va., Sept. 29.—Two lives were lost as the result of a political dispute in Mingo county. John Roberts struck "Doc" Estep with a cane. Estep shot and killed Roberts. King Roberts, a brother, procured a Winchester and followed Estep, killing him.

Waltham Mills Resume.

Waltham, Mass., Sept. 29.—About 1,000 operatives have returned to work in the mills of the Boston Manufacturing company, of this place, and others will be taken in and given employment from time to time until the entire force will be at work again.

Seven Thousand Given Employment.

Manchester, N. H., Sept. 29.—The Amoskeag corporation started up again yesterday morning after an enforced idleness of several months' duration. All departments were set in motion, employing about 7,000 people.

TASTE OF RED WAR.

STRIKERS AT LEADVILLE FIRE ON THE PICKETS.

Buckshot Riddles the Timberwork of the Mine and the Bullets Whistle Uncomfortably Close to the Soldiers, Who Return the Fire and Charge Into the Brush

Leadville, Colo., Sept. 28.—Renewed rioting occurred here last night. The entire city was up and in arms. At 10 o'clock the military guard at the Bon Air mine, on Carbonate hill, was attacked. The pickets were driven in behind the stockades by a fusillade of lead fired from one of the dark recesses of the mountain. Buckshot riddled the timberwork of the mine and whistled close to the ears of the militiamen. The fire was returned, the heavy ring of the Springfield rifle sounded on the air, and in a few moments all Leadville was awake. Lieutenant Verdeckberg telephoned General Brooks that the guard had been driven in, and a few moments later the troops were turned out and started to the Bon Air on double time.

Infantry Makes a Bayanet Charge.

The shots from the Bon Air sounded like a hail. Lights flashed in all the windows of the town, and within half an hour the streets were filled with men, armed and ready to go to the mine, which is some little distance away. The exchange of shots was lively and lasted fully fifteen minutes. The attacking party was located in one spot, while the fire of the military was scattering and from different points along the guard line. A squad of infantry with fixed bayonets charged into the brush, but the assailants retreated rapidly before them and were soon silenced.

Occurred at an Inopportune Time.

This attack occurred at a time when the union was consulting for peace, and will have the effect of causing renewed enlistments to the ranks of the militia today. No one was injured among the troops. It is not known whether any of the rioters were killed or injured. It will be impossible to tell until later. Indignation prevails and it is the general opinion that this attack will bring forth a declaration of martial law.

Objective Point Was the Waterworks.

There have been rumors for the past few days that there would be renewed trouble, but this was scoffed at by the militiary. It is generally believed that the men who made the assault of last night were on their way to the waterworks for the purpose of tampering with the water supply of the city, and were discovered, when they opened fire on the guards. It is believed that the outbreak was caused by the arrival of workmen from the lead minese of Missouri Saturday, when twelve companies of military were necessary to conduct the men through the town.

Fireman and Rioter Buried.

The funeral of Jerry O'Keefe, the fireman murdered last Monday while turning a hose on the fire at the Coronado mine, occurred yesterday. It was the largest funeral procession ever seen here. The funeral of William Higgins, who was literally filled with buck[illegible] while engaged in the attack on the Coronado, was from the same church and immediately following that of O'Keefe. Almost the entire miners' union, including fully 1,500 people, followed the remains to the cemetery.

ACADEMY GOES UP IN SMOKE.

Number of Students Injured in Escaping from the Flames.

Mexico, Mo., Sept. 25.—The following persons were severely injured in escaping from the Missouri Military academy, which burned yesterday, entailing a loss of $75,000, besides what the students and professors lost: H. T. Guernsey, Independence, Kan., whole face, chest and back are one solid mass of burns, also badly bruised; W. Patier, Cairo, Ills., arm broken; Walter Wolf, East St. Louis, back broken and injured internally; Daniel Boone, St. Louis, both ankles sprained; Mr. Halliday St. Louis, leg broken; Cyrus Kidd, Hannibal, Mo., back sprained and injured internally; Frank Maxwell, Mexico, Mo., burned about the head; Chester Elliott, Humansville, Mo., foot badly injured; G. H. Sutherland, St. Louis, shoulder dislocated; John McClellan, Enid, O. T., arm broken; Captain Greiner, Ohio, arm broken; Bruce Christian, Fairfax, Mo., back and head injured; — Todd, St. Louis, shoulder dislocated; Captain Glasscock, Paris, Mo., side very badly cut; Robert Judson, Salem, Mo., back sprained; M. C. Dobson, Kansas ity, has a sprained back and knee; L. Meyer, St. Louis, back badly sprained; Professor Ray, St. Louis, chest hurt internally; F. T. Wheeler, St. Louis, back badly sprained.

In all twenty-one persones were hurt, but the above are the ones who suffered anything serious. There were a number of heroic rescues, as all the boys were asleep when the fire broke out.

Found $6,000 in Gold.

Port Arthur, Ont., Sept. 28.—A terrible bush fire is raging in the vicinity of Fort William. The flames have entered the town, Brown's terrace on Archibald street has been burned and the Roman Catholic church has been several times on fire. The residents are moving their goods. The wind is blowing a gale and unless it subsides it will be impossible to save the town and the immense grain elevators of the Canadian Pacific railway. The steam fire engine has been dispatched from this town.

Cremated in a Boarding House.

Burke, Ida., Sept. 29.—Tiger's miners' boarding house was burned at 5 o'clock yesterday morning by fire caused by an explosion of grease. William O'Meara was burned to death, and Joseph Coburn was burned so badly that he will die. A. Donaldson, Miss Amy Johnson and Martin McFlab were seriously injured in jumping from the building. Robert Scarles, Pat McHall and a dozen more men were badly burned.

To Determine Boundary Line.

Washington, Sept. 29.—The president has appointed William P. Coleman of Rich Hill, Mo., and Ivan D. Applegate of Klamath Falls, Ore., to be commissioners to investigate and determine as to the correct location of the boundary lines of the Klamath Indian reservation in Oregon, and for such other duties as are provided for in the Indian act of June 10, 1896.

QUEEN AND CZAR.

Nicholas of Russia a Visitor at Victoria's Balmoral Castle.

London, Sept. 23.—A dispatch from Ballater, Scotland, near Balmoral castle, says: "The queen's special train bearing the czar and czarina of Russia and the members of the English royal family who acompanied them arrived here at 7:05 o'clock last evening. After the formal reception by the municipal authorities the czar and czarina entered an open state carriage, and escorted by the Scots Greys drove to Balmoral. As the imperial personages started on their drive the first bonfire was lighted on the mountain peak. Arrived at the entrance of the castle grounds of Balmoral the servants of the castle and the Balleter and Crathie volunteers led the procession of carriages with flaming torches, and three other bonfires on the adjoining peaks illuminated the mountain side with a glare of light.

"Balmoral castle was reached without any incident. The queen and Princess Beatrice received their imperial guests at the door of the castle, and the warmest greetings were exchanged, the bagpipes meanwhile sounding a shrill welcome and the torches carried by the servants being thrust high in the air, accompanied by loud cheering of all the attendants. Before the Russian party disapeared within the doors the, torch-bearesr marched past them in single file."

The significance of this royal visit will not be fully known until later, but in view of the situation in the east and the relationship between Queen Victoria and Czar Nicholas, there are hopes that Russia and Great Britain may be brought into closer and more friendly relations and to act together in the Armenian question. The Birmingham Post says that at the expressed desire of the czar important communications upon the Armenian question have passed between the Marquis of Salisbury and M. de Staal, the Russian ambassador at London, in which certain points have been agreed upon to form the basis for a consultation between the czar and the Marquis of Salisbury. There is no doubt that the queen will use all her influence to the end noted in the foregoing.

BIKE RECORD IN THE COLISEUM.

Riders at Chicago Beat the American Twenty-four-Hour Record.

Chicago, Sept. 26.—The American record was broken by four men in the twenty-four-hour bicycle race which closed at the Coliseum at 9 o'clock last night. The score at the finish was: Grimm, 486 miles, 1,151 yards; Waller, 482 miles, 968 yards; Shinner, 462 miles, 567 yards; Miller, 459 miles, 233 yards; Myers, 427 miles, 887 yards. The American record for twenty-four hours is 452 miles. The world's record is 533 miles made in 1893 by Riveirre.

Murdered His Brother.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 26.—Andrew Watt, a plumber, and his brother, Robert, a railroad fireman, quarreled Thursday night. Andrew left the saloon in which the quarrel arose, but stopped outside to talk with two friends. In a few minutes Robert also left the saloon, and, seeing Andrew, attack him. The two clinched and fell, and before they could be separated Robert stabbed Andrew, inflicting a wound that caused death an hour later. The fratricide escaped. He is 24 years of age and Andrew 28.

Serious Washouts.

Denver, Sept. 28.—The washouts on the Rio Grande and Western railroad west of Grand Junction, Col., are much more severe than was imagined possible when the news first reached the headquarters of the railway in this city. The latest reports show that the Rio Grande and Western road will have to be practically rebuilt for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and great hills of mud must be removed before the track in other places.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

New York, Sept. 28.

Money on call steady at 4 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 7@8 per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 484@484¼ for demand and 481¼@481¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 482¼@483 and 482@485¼; commercial bills, 480¾.

Silver certificates, no sales; at 65¾@66; bar bar silver, 65¾; Mexican dollars, 50¼.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 117; do. coupons, 117; 5's registered, 111; do. coupons, 111; 4's registered, 107¾; do. coupons, 108¼; 2's registered, 93½; Pacific 6's of '97, 100¼.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 28.

Following were the quotations on the board of Trade today: September, opened 65¾c, closed 67¼c; December, opened 67⅝c, closed 67¾c; May, opened 69¾c, closed 71c. Corn—September, nominal, closed 21½c; December, opened 22c, closed 22¼c; May, opened 25½c, closed 25¾c. Oats—September, nominal, closed 16¾c; October, opened 16½c, closed 16c; May, opened 19¼c, closed 19½c. Pork—September, nominal, closed $6.10; October, opened $6.00, closed $6.10. Lard—September, nominal, closed $3.80; October, opened $3.72½, closed $3.80.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 15c per lb; extra dairy, 13c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 14@14½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb.; chickens, hens, 7½c; spring chickens, 7½c; roosters, 4½c; ducks, 8@8½; geese $4.00@6.00. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 15@17c per bu.; Illinois, 15@17c. Honey—White clover, 13@14c lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Apples—Red stock, 75c@$1.75 per bbl.; green stock, 50c@$1.00.

Chicago Live Stock

Chicago, Sept. 28.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 44,000; sales ranged at $2.10@3.40 pigs, $3.00@3.50 light, $2.55@2.75 rough packing, $2.95@3.45 mixed and $2.90@3.35 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; quotations ranged at $4.80@5.05 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.45@4.60 good to choice do., $4.05@4.50 fair to good, $3.45@4.00 common to medium, do., $3.40@3.90 butchers steers, $2.50@3.20 stockers, $3.10@3.70 feeders, $1.10@3.40 cows, $2.40@3.80 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.40@3.00 Texas steers, $2.75@3.90 western rangers, and $3.00@4.00 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 28,000; sales ranged at $1.90@2.80 western $1.75@2.65 Texans, $1.50@3.00 natives, and $2.50@4.15 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Sept. 28.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 66c; No. 1 northern, 68c; December, 64c. Corn—No. 3, 22½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 20c; No. 3 do. 17@19c. Barley—No. 2, 35c; samples, 24@33c. Rye—No. 1, 36@38½c.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, Sept. 28.

Wheat—Cash white, 71¼c; cash red, 71¼c; September, 71¼c; December, 76¾c asked May, 76¾c.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

Springfield, Ills., Sept. 29.—Fully 10,000 school children attended the opening of the Illinois state fair yesterday. Free tickets had been distributed, and pony races and other features promised for their amusement. They swarmed over the grounds and grand stands and through the exhibition buildings, making the whole place merry with their laughter and childish fun. The exhibitions this year are more numerous than ever, and there is every indication of a complete success financially. Special features have been arranged for each day. Today is "Old Soldiers'" day. Veterans will be admitted free, and the ex-Prisoners of War association will hold its annual meeting. Tomorrow will be "Governor's" day, Thursday "Derby" day, Friday "Springfield" day, and Saturday "Bicycle" day and "Christian Endeavor" day.

The display of live stock is very large and the quality of it suggests to the veteran breeder that in the last few years the improvement of stock in Illinois through the introduction of improved strains of blood is something worthy of special comment. The premium list aggregates $45,000. If the entries of exhibits are phenomenal the entries in the speed ring are no less so. Superintendent Madden announces that there are 225 entries in the trotting and pacing classes, an average of fifteen entriets in each race, and all of them good horses. The entries in the running races do not close until the day of the race, and they will run the total of speed horses still higher. Special attractions are announced in the speed ring in addition to the fine list of races. "Marion Mills," a pacing mare, known as the "Oshkosh Wonder," is billed for two performances. She paces against time without rider, driver or pacemaker, and has a record of 2:06¼.

Besides this unique feature the expectations of the prospective visitors are aroused by the advertisement of a team of trotting ostriches, which are billed to race each afternoon around the mile track.

GOV. ALTGELD IN DANGER.

Comes Near Being the Victim of a Runaway Horse Incident.

Danville, Ills., Sept. 26.—During a Democratic pole-raising yesterday morning Governor Altgeld had a narrow escape from a similar misfortune to that which overtook Captain Tanner at Quincy. The governor, with T. F. Donovan, of Kankakee, and Congressman Coffeen, of Woyming, was seated in a carriage. Mr. Donovan was making a speech when one of the horses became restive and began to kick. One of the traces became unfastened, and the animal, finding itself comparatively free, made a wild plunge and started to run away. Bystanders seized him after he had dragged the carriage several feet to the side of the road, and succeeded in quieting him, preventing a runaway which might have ended in a serious accident.

During the whole time the governor sat calm and unmoved as if he had no fears whatever. Great excitement previaled among the crowd, who expected a catastrophe would follow.

College Destroyed by Fire.

Fulton, Ills., Sept. 26.—Fire starting at 1:30 Saturday morning totally destroyed the Northern Illinois college, entailing a loss of $100,000. Much of the apparatus was saved. Thirty students who were in bed escaped with slight injury to one of the number. One fireman was hurt by falling walls and the whole crew were forced to fight their way out.

Got Judgment Against the School Board.

Princeton, Ills., Sept. 25.—Miss Mary O'Brien has been given a judgment against the school district of Spring Valley in the circuit court here for $400. Miss O'Brien had been re-engaged to tench school for another year, making her eighth year, but was peremptorily discharged after two weeks' service. The affair created a sensation, and resulted in the present law suit.

Illinois Socialists File a Petition.

Springfield, Sept. 28.—The Socialist-Labor party of Illinois has filed a petition of nominations of national candidates with the secretary of state for a place on the official ballot. This is the first time the party has filed a full list of state and national candidates in Illinois.

Charged with Killing Her Sister.

Metropolis, Ills., Sept. 26.—The sheriff last night arrested Mrs. Catherine Worthing in the eastern part of this county, charged with killing her sister, Mrs. Eveline Worthing.

State Notes.

Ernest Gula, of Chicago, fell from a wagon in Ogden avenue, and in striking the ground bit off his tongue and broke his nose.

Mrs. J. P. Stafford, of Chicago, was elected at Peoria, Ills., worthy grand pa s president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Select Knights of America.

Delegates to the national Bankers' asociation convention went to Springfield, Ills., from St. Louis, and visited Lincoln's town, home and tomb.

Louis Tobin, a high school student at Danville, Ills., has brought suit against the faculty for $1,200 damages for being expelled for publishing in defiance of the school authorities a paper entitled "The Hornblower."

Two men pried open a door to the coal office of William H. James & Bro., 5821 South Halsted street, Chicago, blew open the safe with nitro-glycerine, secured $500 and escaped, after firing several shots at a policeman who pursued them. The building was "all broke up."

The 3-year-old son of Stephen Thorn, of Berwyn, a Chicago suburb, was fatally burned in a bonfire, and lived but six hours.

Wealthy Georgian Assassinated.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 29.—Dave Silver, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Georgia, was assassinated near his home in Sparta by Roy Butt, a negro. Five shots were fired, all of which took effect. Silver died instantly. Butt has not yet been captured. No motive has been ascribed for the crime. A posse of citizens is now in pursuit of the assassin.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Sept. 23.

A case of leprosy has been discovered in Bellevue hospital, New York. Frederick Fleming, a baker, is the afflicted man, and he will be sent to the leper colony on North Brothers' island.

Russian government spies are said to have secured the secrets of armor plate making at Carnegie's works, and Russia will make her own sheaths for battleships.

Mrs. Amdrem Lampson, of Dallas, Tex., tried to cook supper on a gas stove at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Johnson, Chicago. She did not understand the workings of the stove and when found she had died from asphyxiation.

Dr. Edward Benkendorff, aged 74, who for almost half a century practiced medicine in St. Louis, is dead.

Pawnee Bank, Ills., operated by Lochridge Brothers has made an assignment to Gilbert C. Drennan. Liabilities, $35,000; assets, $75,000.

R. W. Rose & Co., wholesale clothiers at Dallas, Tex., have failed for $60,000. The creditors, exclusive of Dallas concerns, are mostly in New York.

Thursday, Sept. 24.

Callias Bey, husband of P. T. Barnum's widow, is dead at Constantinople.

While kneeling at her devotions Mrs. Margaret Eagen was robbed in the Holy Family church, Omaha, in broad daylight.

W. W. Wylie, who has spent more years in the National Yellowstone park than any other man, says the geysers are gradually lessening in activity.

Dr. Lewis Swift, astronomer of Mount Lowe observatory, California, has discovered two new comets about one degree from the sun.

The body of James McNerney, a wealthy contractor of Port Lee, N. J., was found in the Harlem river. He had been robbed and murdered by footpads.

The postponed race between Joe Patchen, the pacer, and W. H. Hamilton, the bicylist, has been declared off, the weather conditions again being unfavorable Tuesday.

Friday, Sept. 25.

A rich gold discovery is reported to have been made near Graham's Town, Cape Colony.

A jury in Judge Baker's court at Chicago granted Clara C. Driscoll a verdict for $5,000 against the Chicago and Eastern Illinois for the death of her husband.

Miss Nellie Tansey, cashier for D. R. Shively, commission house at Chicago, was robbed of her purse containing $40 by a well-dressed stranger, who asked the use of the telephone.

Ernest Potts, a boy 13 years old, was kicked by a horse at Carlyle, Ills., and died almost instantly.

Loss of fortune and nervous affection which almost amounted to mental derangement are said to have been responsible for the suicide of Frank H. Johnson, a Chicago board of trade operator, who shot himself in Lincoln park.

The slapping of a child's face caused the murder of three negroes in Gretna parish, opposite New Orleans, La.—two by indiscriminate firing of an officer's "posse." The man who slapped the child's face was lynched. He was a "nigger" and the child was white.

Saturday, Sept. 26.

John R. Gentry Thursday at Rigby park, Portland, Me., paced the fastest mile ever made in harness, and placed the world's record at 2:00½.

F. O. Prince has been finally agreed upon by the (gold) Democrats of Massachusetts as a candidate for governor.

Mary D. Myers, a wealthy widow of Fort Wayne, Ind., sued William Decamp for $2,000 damages for severed heart strings.

Forest fires are raging in the vicinity of Superior, Wis., and are dangerously near that city. Several settlers have been burned out.

Sherry's bathing pavilion at Narragansett pier, the finest on the Atlantic coast, was destroyed by fire, the loss being about $55,000.

Joseph Brown and Jacob Schott had an egg-eating match at New York on a wager. Schott ate sixty-eight and Brown sixty-three.

The Illinois state fair opens next Monday and will continue all week. Everything indicates that it will eclipse all previous events.

Monday, Sept. 28.

On Broadway, New York city, hangs a United States flag 71 by 40 feet. It was hung up in honor of McKinley and Hobart. The flag weighs 150 pounds.

Charles Gosler, of Evansport, a religious fanatic, met death near Defiance, O., while attempting to walk on the water in order to demonstrate that his faith was equal to that of the Savior's.

Rev. W. P. Nelson, formerly of Keokuk Ia., has been removed from the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Lancaster Ky., charged with lying, obtaining money under false pretenses and other shortcomings.

G. E. Scott, the preacher who eloped with Daisy Dorian, July 3, and was found at Logansport, Ind., and who is now in the insane asylum, has been indicted at Waterloo, Ia., by the grand jury on a charge of seduction.

The United States ambassador at Berlin, Edwin F. Uhl, has been confined to his bed during the past week with an attack of rheumatism.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 34, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

WYANDOTTE CAVE.

A PARTIAL DESCRIPTION OF THIS WONDERFUL "GROUND HOLE."

Among the Many Curious Things the Greatest Is the Pillar of the Constitution—It Is 44,000 Years Old or Many Thousand Times That Age.

Wyandotte cave is inferior to Mammoth in length, and yet a walk through its 23 miles of avenues and chambers convinces the visitor that there is enough and to spare. Of course he usually takes only the three routes—12 miles—and is satisfied. As is the case with all other caves that are in business, a bear bears the credit of discovering this natural wonder. It was in this way: In the early days of this state a hunter one day saw a bear and shot but did not kill it, whereupon he gave chase and was in close pursuit, when, lo and behold, it disappeared! This much puzzled the seasoned hunter, and he stood in amazement, but finally summoning his resolution he went to the spot where the animal had vanished. There was a large opening in the side of the hill. Investigation revealed the existence of this vast underground possession. So much for tradition. The same thing occurred with every other cave, and why not with this?

The existence of this cave has been known for years. As early as 1812 it was owned by a white man who gathered saltpeter in its chambers and made gunpowder—a precious article in the backwoods. The early settlers worked the cave that way for years, going farther and farther from the entrance in search of this mineral. Finally it ceased to be necessary or profitable to make their own powder, and the owner of the cave abandoned it, and the land reverted to the general government. In 1849 or 1850 a man named Rothrock bought the land and explored the cave. At that time only four miles were known, but by chance a small opening was noticed, and an investigation revealed the fact that a new and greater portion had been discovered. This unknown route was explored, six miles more of cave came into possession of the owner, and it first occurred to him that he had a bonanza. The new find brought the cave into notice, and subsequent discoveries have placed it among the wonders of America.

It was 46 years ago that Mr. Rothrock, then a young man, commenced acting as guide among the labyrinth of passageways under the hill. Now comes one of the most interesting features of the cave. When he began his visits here, he heard the drip, drip of the waters that never cease and saw the stalactites—little fingers of stone which had been made by the dripping waters. To test the growth of the stone stems he marked one with the smoke of a candle and awaited results. Almost 50 years have elapsed, and he returns today to the stone timekeeper and measures the growth—three-sixteenths of an inch. There are columns here seven feet high formed by the constant drop of water. Only a few feet from the top you pass from the known to the prehistoric.

Wyandotte is beautiful in sediment formation—stalagmites and stalactites that form from floor and ceiling, growing scarcely a hairbreadth in a year, but gradually lessening the distance between their crystal points until in time they meet and form columns of translucent stone, beautiful and chaste in design, the despair of architects. Fancy a chamber of imposing dimensions, the lofty ceiling supported by these divinely wrought pillars, the concave walls veneered with a coating of sparkling diamonds, the delusive glitter of gold and silver in boundless wealth, and you have Aladdin's cave, as rich as the avaricious vision of the Arabian dreamer.

The new routes reveal the beauties of crystal, the old route presents the tumultuous, the grand. The passages and chambers are rough, broken, the barren ruggedness that turns one's thoughts to grandeur. This route terminates in the climax of attractions. This is the senate chamber, and from its center, seemingly out of a boiling caldron of molten lava that had been chilled and left immovable, rises the pillar of the constitution. It stands alone, the grandest column ever erected by man or his master. Thirty feet in height, 75 feet in circumference, with fluted surface and unbroken body, it stands in perpetual darkness, no ray of light ever gilding its sparkling exterior save that from a flickering candle.

Let us take out our notebook and calculate the age of this venerable pile. The gray bearded guide has told us that the fragile finger of stone grew three-sixteenths of an inch in nearly 50 years—one inch in 245 years. This pillar is 30 feet high, 360 inches—two centuries and 45 years to one single inch. But then it forms from floor and ceiling, so that 2 inches are formed in that time. According to our calculation, it has been 44,100 years since the foundation of this column was laid. But we have omitted one factor. The stone finger would have formed in that time, but this is 600 times as great in diameter. Our pencils and books again—but this is bewildering. We cannot conceive of the lapse of time contained in the 44,000 years. Why go on piling ages upon ages? Who is brave enough to say that America lacks age? Why, compared with this, the Rameses were but squatters upon the homestead of antiqnity.

Before leaving I found a small piece of rock the Indians had dug from the pillar. It had been 700 years since the redskins had made ornaments from this beautiful stone, and I carried it away with me as a relic (as ancient as an American can well stand up under) of the column whose foundation was laid in the eternity of the past.—Indianapolis Journal.

Solomon was called by the Jews of his time the White King, from the color of the robes he wore. The allusion made in the New Testament to the lily of the field, a white flower, in connection with Solomon, is thus made clearer.

CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

Freaks of the Temperature and Topography In San Francisco.

San Francisco sprawls over a sandy peninsula shaped like a clinched fist, with its face to the east and the noble, landlocked bay which the navies of the world would not crowd, and with its back to the Pacific ocean, which rolls in without a break from China, 7,000 miles away. It covers an area of 20 square miles, though much of this is built over in straggling fashion. It has thrice as many hills as Rome boasted of, but over the highest of these the cable cars climb. Seen from the bay at night, the spectacle is superb, as the streets are transformed into parallel lines of twinkling lights that seem to ascend, like Jacob's ladder, to the stars. Justin McCarthy in "Lady Judith" gives the most poetical as well as the most faithful picture of this remarkable sight of San Francisco from the bay. Had the original builders of the city adopted the Italian custom of carrying streets around hills, with terraced gardens, San Francisco would be the most beautiful city in the world. As it is, many of the streets are merely great, unsightly ditches that run in ugly parallel lines up the steep hills and through their summits. From a score of points of vantage one may get superb views of the bay, the harbor with its picturesque islands, the encircling hills and the Golden Gate, the narrow entrance through which come and go the ships of the orient.

What impresses the visitor to San Francisco most forcibly is the peculiar fondness for the bay window. But this taste seems natural and sensible when he is told that it is due to the necessity of getting all the sunshine that can be secured. Here, as in Italy, between sunshine and shade there is the difference between summer and winter. The San Francisco climate is the greatest climate in the world for continuous work, as the mean temperature is 65 and there is no summer heat. But it is a trying climate for any one with weak lungs or tender throat. The summer is harsher than the winter, as cold trade winds and heavy fogs render the nights chilly and make a grate fire comfortable. September is the finest month in the year, as the trade winds do not blow and the days are warm and sunshiny.—Chautauquan.

SHELL AND SHOVEL PILE.

A Short Story of the Civil War as Told by an Old Soldier.

"Whenever I see a pile of shovels stacked up on the sidewalk in front of a hardware store," said an old soldier, "it makes me think of a pile of shovels I saw once stacked up at the end of a traverse in an earthwork at the time of the civil war. There were siege guns and mortars of one size and another in batteries scattered along these works—in the particular battery that I speak of there were two 100 pound rifled guns. There was a traverse between the two guns, and one on the outer side of each, a traverse, you understand, being a short ridge of earth running back from the line in front and at right angles with it, to protect the gun and the gunners from a lateral fire. This pile of shovels lay at the end of one of the outer traverses, to the left of the piece that I worked on. There were six or eight men on the gun.

"A shell that came over from a Confederate mortar battery dropped square on that pile of shovels and exploded the instant it struck. Our own gun had just been fired, and the men were all standing scattered around to the rear of the gun carriage, none of them far away from the shovel pile, and all of them right in open range, not protected, as some of them anyway would have been a minute earlier, by standing over on the other side of the gun, with the gun and the gun carriage between them and the shovels.

"The air was filled with smoke, and fragments and splinters of shell and shovels were flying in all directions. There wasn't a man but expected to have his head knocked off by a piece of shell, or to be cut in two by a shovel blade, or at least to have the handle of a shovel stuck through him. But the fragments of shell all flew past, the shovels all came down, and the smoke cleared away, and nobody had even a scratch. Then the men all laughed and went to loading the 100 pounder again."—New York Sun.

The Swiss Parliament.

A parliament at which the discussions are carried on in three different languages is probably unique.

The country where this singular fact occurs is well known to English tourists—viz, Switzerland. But few, I believe, have ever had an occasion to be present at the sitting of a Swiss parliament.

The languages spoken by the members are French, Italian and German. Italian, true, is not as often employed as the other two, the members for Tessin, a canton in the south, very often delivering their speeches in French. As almost every educated Swiss speaks French and German, members are therefore able to understand each other's speeches, although spoken in a different language to their own.

It also often happens that when a French speaking member wishes to make a stronger impression on the German speaking part of the house he delivers his speech in German, and also vice versa.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Curious Rose Tree.

One of the most remarkable botanical curiosities in the world is in the possession of Mrs. Le Clerc of Quebec. It is a potted American Beauty rosebush whose flowers have perfume only from midnight until daylight. During the rest of the 24 hours they are perfectly odorless. The fragrance begins to exhale precisely on the stroke of 12.

Finally Got the Goat.

A Berlin physician, Dr. Aronsohn, has succeeded in inoculating with tuberculosis a goat, an animal hitherto regarded as immune to this disease.

MOTHER NATURE.

Nature, the gentlest mother,
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest,
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveler is heard
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation
A summer afternoon,
Her household, her assembly!
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps,
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infinitier care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

—Emily Dickinson.

FANNY KEMBLE.

The Famous Actress Was a Troublesome Woman on the Stage.

Charles Halle once said to me: "Fanny Kemble was the most difficult person I ever had to deal with. I remember one day at Manchester she was to read 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' with Mendelssohn's music. Well, something in the lighting, or the desk, or the music, or the chair, did not quite suit her, but at that late hour nothing could be altered. So Fanny Kemble simply sat down outside on the stairs in the passage and cried. Nothing, she declared, would induce her to begin until everything was exactly to her taste. I implored her to go in, as the place was crowded and the people impatient. At last I got her on to the platform. I never saw a woman in such a passion about such a trifle."

How deep was the impression she made upon me as a boy. I heard her read that same "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's lovely music played by a full orchestra, only a year or two after Mendelssohn's death. The famous orchestral player, Mr. Willy (now forgotten) led the first violins. Fanny's versatility, her rapid changes as she sat with the book open before her on a crimson velvet cushion, were phenomenal. Her only successor is Mrs. Crowe, the once famous Leah. Neither Brandram nor Mrs. Dallas Glynn could touch her as a Shakespearean reader. Her rendering of Bottom and his crew is among those memories which will take rank with old Harley's gravedigger. Why Fanny was never a brilliant—i. e., a real "Kemble"—success on the stage I could never imagine. Of course, I never saw her act. Her dramatic career was a short one and over before my time, but all the Siddons was in her platform Lady Macbeth, nor shall I ever forget the thrilling and pathetic pathos of the closing scenes of her "Romeo and Juliet."

She was then (about 1856) not so stout as she afterward became. Her dark face and black hair, piercing black eyes and long black velvet dress gave her a strange and tragic appearance, which she entirely shook off in the early love scenes, but which served to color profoundly the terrible poison tragedy of the close. Fanny Kemble had an imperfect appreciation of music. She was for leaving out this and curtailing that. But Halle was firm about Mendelssohn, and she had to give in.—Contemporary Review.

Studying Music.

"I don't think I shall take music lessons this autumn," said a young girl to the writer not long ago. "You see, I haven't a particle of talent, and so, what is the use?" There is just this use. Admitting that you can never learn to play as well as the most unpretending professional or those who play by ear, which latter is to be doubted, a musical education is valuable, inasmuch as it will teach you what to enjoy and how to enjoy it whenever you have the opportunity to hear good music. To those who think of music as only a succession of pleasurable sounds it may not seem worth while for those having no talent to study the rules governing composition. But if you once learn that music is as exact a science as mathematics, that there is an exquisite beauty in the development of an idea, the working out of a musical problem, apart from the poetry suggested by the melody or even the harmony, you have found the key to a fresh world of never failing delight. Though you may never be able to play one page satisfactorily to your friends or to yourself, you will have learned music in such a way that you will not regret the time spent in its acquisition.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Bequests For Enterprising Youth.

Now and then we hear of some rich person leaving several hundred thousand dollars to colleges and other institutions. If rich people would desire to perpetuate their memory, a novel and lasting monument to them would be to select 100 or 1,000 deserving young men and bequeath to them $1,000 each with which to start in business. The blessings that would follow such philanthropy cannot be estimated.—Chatham (Va.) Tribune.

Where Pompeii Is Weak.

He—So you visited Pompeii?

She—Oh, yes!

He—How did you like it?

She—Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course it was beautifully located and all that, but it was dreadfully out of repair.—Halifax Chronicle.

In 1729 over 12,000 houses were burned in Constantinople and 7,000 lives were lost in the fire. In 1745 a fire again raged in the Turkish capital during five days, and a series of terrible conflagrations also occurred in the year 1750.

When drops of water stand on the outside of a pitcher, the air is full of moisture and a change of weather for the worse is impending.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Nelson Said It Was a Conquest, Not a Mere Victory.

Eleven out of 13 French ships of the line had been taken or destroyed and two of the four frigates. It was not a victory; it was a conquest. So wrote Nelson regarding it. It is unnecessary here to speak of the titles and rewards which were showered on the victor. It is of more real interest to consider the true significance of the victory, the sense in which it could be said to be a conquest. In England we have too much accustomed ourselves to look on it merely as the most brilliant of sea fights, and in France it has been spoken of as a reverse indeed, but one which cannot cloud the splendor of the battle of the Pyramids. None the less, it was the conquest of Egypt; it was the isolation and virtual imprisonment of the French army.

Bonaparte understood this from the first, and after a vain and hopeless campaign in Syria—hopeless against the power which commanded the communications by sea—he made an ignominious flight, leaving Kleber to get the army out of the mess in which he had put it. Nelson, too, understood it and wrote on Aug. 11: "The French army is in a scrape. They are up the Nile without supplies. The inhabitants will allow nothing to pass by land, nor H. N. by water. Their army is wasting with the flux, and not 1,000 men will ever return to Europe." And some months later, March 22, 1799, he wrote: "The embassador of Bonaparte has been intercepted by Troubridge on his way to Constantinople, and among other articles of his instructions is an offer to enter on terms for his quitting Egypt with his army. This offer is what I have long expected the glorious battle of the Nile would produce, but it was my determination from that moment never, if I could help it, to permit a single Frenchman to quit Egypt. To Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain while Nelson commands the detached squadron."

A letter from Kleber to the directory, written only a month after Bonaparte had deserted his post, reveals the hopelessness which was felt. "I know," he wrote, "all the importance of the possession of Egypt. I used to say in Europe that this country was for France the fulcrum by means of which she might move at will the commercial system of every quarter of the globe. But to do this effectually a powerful lever is required, and that lever is a navy. Ours has ceased to exist. Since that period everything has changed, and peace with the porte is, in my opinion, the only expedient."—Cornhill Magazine.

A NOBLE SURGEON.

He Saved a Patient's Life at the Peril of His Own.

A certain London hospital has on its staff of physicians one man at least whose heroism has been demonstrated, and his corpselike pallor and faltering gait, although he is in his prime, bear daily witness to this fact.

"It happened ten years ago," said one of the hospital clerks in telling the story, "just after the doctor became a visiting surgeon here. A woman was brought in suffering from a cancerous growth that must in the end prove fatal. The house surgeon in charge, a young man, advised an immediate operation, and he and his assistants were in the midst of it when the visiting surgeon arrived.

"A student was handling the knife and had laid bare the life destroying cause.

"'Careful, careful,' exclaimed the visiting surgeon as the student dexterously cut the flesh. 'If you sever that artery, she may die under the knife.'

"The warning came late, the knife had slit the artery, and the blood leaped into the wound.

"The visiting surgeon had a small cut on his forefinger. To seize the artery so as to stop the flow of blood would necessarily bring the cut in contact with the bacilli of cancer. A moment's delay, on the other hand, meant, perhaps, the woman's death.

"Without an instant's hesitation the surgeon's trained fingers had gripped the artery, which he held firmly until it could be ligatured. It prolonged the woman's life a few months," continued the narrator, "but the poison got into the doctor's system, and he lay at the point of death for weeks."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Was True.

Late in the evening a report spread through the train that we had a fellow passenger, a man worth $20,000,000, who had gotten on at Buffalo. I made inquiry of the porter of my car, and he replied:

"Dat's what dey say, sah, but yo' can't allus tell. He's in de next car, but I can't dun say if he's rich till mawnin."

Next morning the porter beckoned me into the smoking compartment and said:

"Dat story was all true, sah."

"Then he's worth $20,000,000, eh?"

"All of dat, sah, an mebbe mo'."

"How did you find out?"

"From de odder po'tah, sah. De gemman has jest gin him 10 cents, while everybody else has cum down wid a quarter."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Pepper Berries.

When the berries on a spike of the pepper plant begin to turn red, the spike is cut off and the berries gathered. If left too long, until perfect ripeness is attained, there is a great loss occasioned by the berries falling off, and the quality of the product is by no means so good.

De Candolles made a very careful examination, historically and botanically, of the origin of wheat, and claims that its native home was in the plateau of Armenia, where it is still found to be growing wild.

Rice was first grown in 1695 from seed brought from the East Indies.

TAME OCEAN FISHES.

WHALES AND PORPOISES ARE SOMETIMES PAINFULLY SOCIABLE.

Good Natured Bob, an Acquaintance on the Florida Coast—Some Interesting Experiences With Whales In the Pacific Ocean.

Travelers up and down the coast of Florida will remember a certain porpoise that for years, and up to 1881 in the remembrance of the writer, paraded up and down a quarter section of the Florida peninsula. He was known as Bob, and though he rarely answered to his name he was well known to all sailors in those parts. Bob was recognized by a peculiar cut in his dorsal fin, giving it the appearance of having a window in it. Some thoughtless passenger, wishing to practice on all animate nature with his revolver, had inflicted this injury, and the porpoise apparently was very proud of it. In any event, it was exhibited at every opportunity to the occupants of passing vessels. It would come near the vessel, follow it at times or gambol about the bow or stern, but its chief position was about 100 yards away, within good rifle shot, where it would swim along parallel with the course of the vessel, a tempting target to marksmen. So in the course of time Bob's back became scared and scarred, and if current report was valued at anything he carried in his blubber not a few ounces of lead—forcible reminders that porpoises as well as alligators have no rights that are respected on the Florida coast.

In the Pacific some whales are very friendly, especially off the coast of Los Angeles county, Cal., where on more than one occasion they have astonished if not alarmed sailing parties who have been becalmed. These whales, it should be said, are perfectly harmless, and their attentions are merely from curiosity, but to have several of these huge creatures from 40 to 60 feet long floating about in close proximity is not altogether pleasant. What is supposed to be the same whale has earned a reputation for friendliness, and during the summer months it frequently seems to meet a large steamer that plies off shore, and either follows it along or plays about, entertaining the passengers by spouting. On one trip the whale placed itself ahead of the steamer and swam with it so deliberately that the captain was obliged to slow down and finally stop, fearing to run into the huge creature.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of friendliness on the part of whales was experienced by the owner of a yacht that sailed from one of the southern California ports. She became becalmed the second day out, and suddenly four or five large whales came alongside and for several hours amused themselves at the expense of the crew, who were a good deal frightened. They rubbed their backs against the bottom of the yacht and blew and spouted so that the drops fell upon the decks. If the yachtsmen had thrown over some oil or other disagreeable fluid, they would soon have gotten rid of these companions, which only left them when a breeze sprang up and they got under way.

Fishermen on the Atlantic coast are occasionally troubled with inquisitive whales. One boat or dory was followed for miles, the whale once gently lifting it and rising beneath it, terrorizing the fisherman, who pulled for the shore as fast as he could, the whale following until the water began to shoal.

Why whales should follow vessels might seem a mystery, but the solution is that in all probability they consider the vessel a companion, another whale of some kind. This was well illustrated on the California coast by a whale which evidently took the ship Plymouth for one of its kind. This whale was a sulphur bottom, about 90 feet in length, and it joined the ship off the Golden Gate as it left San Francisco and remained by it through the entire voyage to Realejo, South America. The big fish soon became a nuisance. It swam alongside in such close proximity that its breath discolored the paint of the ship. Then it would rise gently beneath the keel, which would cut and tear it. At other times it would swim along directly in front and keep the crew in constant fear of a collision that might under certain circumstances dismast the ship. The men tried almost every device they could think of to drive the whale away. They shot at it with rifles and pistols, struck it with pieces of wood and bombarded it with bottles and hot coals as it came up, but all to no purpose. It went on "keeping company" until the ship finally entered such shoal water that it was obliged to sheer off.

The sociability of dolphins and porpoises is well known, their graceful gambols about the prow of vessels being a very common sight. No matter how rapid the pace, these attractive creatures so time their motions that they pass and repass the flying cutwater with the greatest ease.

The close proximity of such large animals to vessels might suggest a possible danger, yet fatalities are rare and few are known where the whale has not been attacked. The terrible incident of the Essex is perhaps the only one. Here the whale was run down by the ship, the shock from the contact being so severe as to throw the crew to the deck and almost dismast the vessel. The whale swam off and a few moments later the lookout cried out that it was coming for them on the surface. The animal was inspired by revenge, and at full speed struck the ship in the bow so powerful a blow that the bow was crushed in, and the vessel went to the bottom ten minutes later, leaving the men in boats 700 miles from the coast of South America. A survivor of the accident still lives in the little town of Santa Monica, Cal.—Cor. New York Post.

Paris and London Letter Boxes.

The apertures in the Parisian letter boxes are horizontal, in the London letter boxes vertical.

OVERDID THE THING.

And Since Then He Dresses Like Any Other Sensible Man.

"I was never dressed more to my satisfaction," declared Nobbily, who is now the pink of perfection in attire, "than I was on the occasion of the first marriage that I had the honor of attending in the family. The bride was an aunt of beauty and loveliness who believed that the affair should be commensurate with her conception of its importance, and to me it was one of the really great events that are crowded into the individual life.

"Now, my father was one of those stern men who seem to have largely disappeared with an early generation. He had no patience with the little vanities of our common human nature and could not be brought to defer to the pride which manifests itself in personal adornment. Because of this pronounced bias on his part my dress had always been in accord with his most practical ideas. My coats were from two to three inches longer than those authorized by the prevailing style and made with special reference to prospective growth. Because of the same dominating idea, the tendency of my pants was to make me 'walk Spanish,' while my vests were constructed without special reference to the measurements made by a competent tailor.

"But the intervention of family influence on this occasion made me the happy dictator of my own outfit. To say that it was fearfully and wonderfully made is but a modest claim when made in connection with the honest facts. It was representative of untrammeled license. It was the pent up yearning for freedom worked out in cloth, trimmings and that convenient grade of jewelry that has no place in family heirlooms.

"Half inch braid was then in vogue; that worn by me was a flush inch in breadth. Fancy vest patterns were the proper thing; mine would have presented a hopeless task to the modern poster artist. Pants were worn tight; mine amounted to a case of cramp. People would stop to ask who cut that coat, and the paste shirt studs attracted an attention that the youthful mind could easily mistake for envy.

"I was in all the glory of a social triumph, and yet it was that same stern parent who found chief pleasure in the dazzling exhibition, for I had so clearly overshot the mark that the relatives who had interceded in my behalf could find nothing from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet upon which to congratulate themselves. It happened a good many years ago, and yet I am good for a hearty blush every time it is mentioned."—Detroit Free Press.

BESIEGED BY NUNS.

The Curious Tale of a Monastery In the Canary Islands.

A curious tale of a besieged and conquered monastery belongs to the early history of the Canary islands and is retold by Charles Edwardes in his description of the isles. In the early part of the eighteenth century there lived in Orotava, on the island of Tenerife, a convent of Dominican nuns, who, after some years of ease, had the misfortune to be burned out of house and home. They went into temporary quarters for a year, but became dissatisfied with such unconventual walls, and began looking about for a permanent abiding place. At that time there was in Orotava a house of Jesuits, which had lost its former importance, and, though commodious and healthful, gave lodging to but two men, the rector of the house and his assistant.

On this mansion the nuns cast covetous eyes, and soon resolved to appropriate it. One morning about 40 of them advanced upon it, by strategy induced the Jesuit brother to open the outer gate, and then trooping into the courtyard fell on their knees, thanking God for this preliminary success. In vain did the two men reason with them on their scandalous conduct. They merely held their ground, exclaiming, "Father Andrew, this is a large cage for so few birds." Some of the more reasonable members of the sisterhood explained that they were really in need of a dwelling as spacious as this and that they did not propose leaving it. The rector in despair fled into the sacristy, from which retreat he exhorted his colleague to be of good cheer. "Patience, brother," cried he, "and do your best to extricate yourself from these ladies." That, however, was more easily said than done, especially as the nuns were becoming so excited that they might momentarily have been expected to resort to the argument of nails. The siege lasted for three or four hours. News of it flew about the town, and bands of young men, scrupulously neutral, watched proceedings from the bars of the outer gate. Eventually the Jesuits yielded, and the nuns occupied the house until a new convent, entirely to their taste, was erected for them.—London Globe.

Why He Didn't Ride.

"No, sir," said the man who had wavered, "I won't learn to ride a bicycle. I had thoughts of trying it, but I have just heard of a peculiar trait in the machine that caused me to change my mind."

"What's that?"

"I understand that when you first try to ride, if you see anything you especially wish to avoid, you're almost certain to run into it."

"There's a good deal of truth in it."

"Well, that settles the wheel for me. I have enough trouble with bill collectors as it is."—Washington Star.

Isabelle Kaiser.

Mlle. Isabelle Kaiser won the prize offered by the Swiss government for the best cantata to be sung in chorus at the opening of the Geneva exhibition. There was considerable competition, but Mlle. Kaiser was facile princeps. The council of state sent her a complimentary letter and a handsome piece of bronze sculpture. She has been winning prizes in similar events almost since she was 10.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 3, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Frohman's Empire Theatre Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"A Superfluous Husband."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—In Gay New York."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"Humanity."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A DISCREDITABLE RECORD.

THE CITIZEN is not in the habit of taking the public into its confidence very often, as regards its relations with subscribers. It now deems it necessary, however, to place before its readers a full and frank statement of the amount of honest money due to it from careless or conscienceless subscribers in the different states and territories of the Union and some outside places. "Hard times" will not explain this widespread and, to us, costly delinquency, because a fair proportion of the obligations was contracted before "hard times" set in, and we are strictly within the line of truthfulness when we say that, at least, 90 per cent of our delinquent subscribers are fully able to pay, if they were only willing.

We are at a loss to account for the indifference of some of our countaymen to their own interests and to ours. We have championed their cause, if we have to say it ourselves, against all comers—whether on the American daily, or on the Irish-American weekly press—for over 30 years. We have never refused any reasonable request they have made of us; we have frequently gone out of our way and made rank enemies in fighting their battles, and yet they fail to pay their honest dues to THE CITIZEN, which has never compromised or lowered their flag in either the American or the Irish sense. They cheer us, with apparent warmth and sincerity, when we appear upon the platform, for cheers are cheap, and easily given. But dollars are different, and, where an editor is concerned, some of our people appear to have no conscience.

Perhaps they imagine that the money they subscribe goes entirely to the editor, and they may think that he lives on the fat of the land, and can call down angels from on high to pay his bills, for, be it known to all men, yea and women, too, that an editor—even the editor of an Irish-American weekly—cannot live upon the air. The editor has to pay all other bills first, and then be satisfied with what is left, if, indeed, anything at all remains. But there are other people besides the editor who have to live out of the revenue of THE CITIZEN. These are the printers, who must be paid weekly; the office help is paid in the same way; and there are heavy monthly bills for rent, stationery, mailing, printing paper, press work and other indispensable adjuncts of a newspaper office. These are bills, too, that cannot be slighted or compromised.

We cannot reproach ourselves with carelessness in the matter of collection. We have sent out stacks and stacks of bills month after month, without much material result, and, in fact, sending them out at all seems to be only an additional and almost useless expense. We have also sent agents through the city and country, but their success has not been encouraging. Our debtors include not alone mechanics and laborers but men of the professional and business classes, doctors, lawyers, architects, merchants, and, must we say it? even a few clergymen. Now this, certainly, is not a creditable condition of affairs, and is a gross oppression, as far as we are concerned, because it sometimes puts us under obligations where none would be necessary if our subscribers, who are our main source of revenue, were thoughtful and loyal.

We do not desire to use the language of reproach; but we believe this plain statement of facts will have the effect of opening the eyes and touching the consciences of most of those who are in arrears to THE CITIZEN. If any should doubt our statement, we are able and ready to publish the names and addresses of the delinquents, but this is a course we would adopt with reluctance, because we have more regard for the feelings of delinquent subscribers than they have for ours. If they were unable to pay, we would make no complaint, but, as we know the vast majority of them are able, we think it but just to ourselves, in both a personal and business sense, to publish the following statement of arrears due THE CITIZEN up to date:

SUBSCRIBERS TO "THE CITIZEN," DR. OCT. 1, 1896:

Arizona	$ 10	Mississippi	$ 100
Arkansas	30	Missouri	621
British Columbia	10	Montana	323
California	26	Nebraska	900
Canada	50	Nevada	44
Colorado	150	New York	300
District of Columbia	200	Oregon	24
Dakota	310	Ohio	1,000
Georgia	6	Pennsylvania	300
Iowa	756	Tennessee	200
Illinois	1,400	Texas	175
Indiana	550	Utah	12
Kansas	216	Virginia	60
Kentucky	268	Washington	100
Louisiana	123	Wyoming	150
Michigan	1,253	Wisconsin	802
Massachusetts	100	City of Chicago	5,550
Minnesota	400	Total	$16,579

It should be remembered that the vast body of the above debt is of comparatively recent origin, and that many claims, utterly hopeless, have been omitted from the foregoing statement. Now, we ask the readers of THE CITIZEN who are in arrears, if they consider such treatment of us in accordance with morality or decency, not to speak of ordinary justice? How would any one of them like to be so dealt with by their debtors? They should remember the sound and sacred maxim, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

We hope every reader of this editorial statement will examine his conscience and find out, for his honor's sake, whether or not he is one of the delinquent subscribers responsible for owing THE CITIZEN so large a sum of money honestly due it.

A WORD TO FOOLISH BIGOTS.

It is difficult to believe that in this vaunted "land of the free and home of the brave" there exist such benighted bigots as are said to live and flourish in the Hyde Park Methodist church of this city. In the Chicago Tribune of Monday, the following statement was contained:

"It is said the Rev. H. G. Leonard, pastor of the Hyde Park Methodist church, will not be returned to that charge at the approaching Rock River Conference. The reasons for this change are obscure, but the main cause is supposed to be the act of Mr. Leonard in receiving the papal benediction a few months ago from Mgr. Satolli.

"Mr. Leonard, accompanied by a member of his church, visited the Convent of the Sacred Heart to attend a reception given to Mgr. Satolli, and the Ablegate closed the interview by bestowing the papal benediction on all present, including Mr. Leonard.

"When Mr. Leonard was called to account for this and asked if he meant to join the Catholic church he replied: 'Not just now,' and added that the Catholic church was 'a wonderful institution.'

"This language, it seems, gave additional offense, and he protested it was jocular. Two weeks ago he had an interview with his trustees, after which it was reported that a change had been agreed on.

"There was a move several months ago to exchange Mr. Leonard for the Rev. Dr. Horner of Detroit."

The Tribune would certainly not make so serious a statement without good and sufficient authority. What possible harm the blessing of the Pope, conveyed by Cardinal Satolli, could do the Rev. Mr. Leonard nobody but a lynx-eyed bigot could discover. "Don't be afraid of an old man's blessing," good Pio Nono once said to an American visitor, who had the bad taste to remain standing while Pius was bestowing his benison upon the audience. When the Rev. Mr. Leonard said that the Catholic church was "a wonderful institution" he said that which nobody can deny, unless that body is an unrepentant Ananias. Not alone is it a wonderful, but a divine, institution, founded by Christ himself, who promised he would be with it to the consummation of the world, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. He also said to the premier Pope, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my church." He did not say the words to Julian the Apostate, nor to Martin Luther, nor to John Knox, nor to Calvin nor John Wesley, nor to Henry VIII., but to St. Peter, the first visible head of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic church. Why, then, should Mr. Leonard be persecuted for recognizing the wondrous power of Christ's dispensation? Do the Hyde Park bigots believe in Christ? They will answer, "Yes." Then, if they do, let them heed the words of Christ and honor instead of persecute a clergyman who had the courage to accept a blessing from God's vicegerent.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN AND THE CALAMITY EDITORS.

We don't know whether future historians will describe the current presidential campaign as a "picturesque" contest, but it certainly cannot be denied the title of "unique." McKinley, like Wellington at Torres Vedras, remains within his intrenchments and hurls from that secure position showers of grape and cannister at his assailants, over the shoulders of his thronging visitors. Bryan, the Hotspur of the Stump, attracts immense audiences as he makes a Pilgrim's Progress through the South and East, while the subordinate generals, on both sides, uphold their respective flags with an energetic enthusiasm truly admirable. Tanner, defying broken ribs, is stumping Illinois with vigor, while his indefatigable opponent, Altgeld, is streaking the pale air with sulphur in his crusade against what he calls "the money power." John Palmer is heard of occasionally, trying to pull his rusty war-boots out of the Slough of Despond into which the Demorumps have plunged him up to his knees.

It must be said that the four or five orators of the campaign are McKinley, Bryan, Bourke Cockran, Altgeld and Thurston. They make music wherever they speak. Then, of course, come the old generals of the long past civil war, who have hard work to keep from fighting their battles over again on their respective platforms.

McKinley has delivered an admirable series of speeches, generally brief, to the myriads who have called upon him in his modest home at Canton, O. He has never allowed the question of protection to drop out of sight, while, at the same time, advocating with all his strength, the doctrine of "sound money."

It would be sheer dishonesty to deny to William J. Bryan the credit of having made the most remarkable series of speeches ever delivered by an American candidate for the presidency. The efforts of certain superzealous Republican and Demorump papers to whistle him down as a "wind bag," a crank and "a boy orator," have not met with public approval, although the editors of those sheets may flatter themselves that they have. Mr. Bryan is entitled to the respect of every American citizen who believes in giving an able man fair play, even should he deem him to be in the wrong.

The attempt of the same class of papers to palliate the unalloyed blackguardism of the Yale students on the occasion of Mr. Bryan's visit to New Haven, is discreditable to the last degree. The conduct of the Yale ruffians was only equalled by that of the vicious hoodlums who attempted to insult and interrupt Bourke Cockran at Omaha.

A number of busybody preachers of the gospel have been making themselves disagreeably conspicuous by interfering in politics while in their pulpits, or what may serve for pulpits. Conspicuous among these is the Rev. Hillis—successor to Prof. Swing—on the side of gold, and the Rev. Brobst, on the other side. Both these gentlemen would do well to attend to their own church business, as, necessarily, they must have members of their flocks who differ from them politically.

The Rev. DeWitt Talmage said in Washington this week that he deprecated the interference of clergymen of any denomination in political matters within their churches, and it may be quite unnecessary for us to say that we entirely agree with the Rev. Dr. Talmage.

On the whole, up to date, the campaign has been fairly good natured. But there is a savage disposition on the part of some of the money dealing class to make times much harder than they need be. In this they are materially assisted by the alarmist portion of the press, which predicts unutterable things if a certain one of the presidential candidates should be elected. They say there would be such a panic as America has never seen, and much to the same effect. We have no doubt, that, urged to a policy of hoggishness by unscrupulous editors, the creditor class, by squeezing the debtors, could make an artificial panic of large proportions, but it would be a dangerous, nay a desperate, undertaking on their part. The disturbance and fall of values, resulting from their action, would more imperil their fortunes than any possible change in the currency, which, in any event, could not occur for more than a year after the verdict is given at the polls in November. We venture to assert that should the anticipations of those who wish McKinley elected, because of his honest record in Congress and as governor of Ohio, and also because of his strong protective policy, be disappointed, the very papers that are now yelping calamity would be the first to eat dirt and beg the country to believe that they were only writing for campaign effect.

We have great faith in this big country of ours, and we don't believe that fool editors or flighty politicians can send it incontinently to the devil, simply because things may not go their way. The creditor class has its rights, which are protected by existing laws and contracts, and of these it cannot be defrauded, no matter who may be elected to the presidency. The debtor class also has its rights, and it cannot be oppressed or persecuted with any advantage to those who may have it temporarily in their power. Creditors and debtors have a common interest in the welfare of the country and "war to the knife" between them would be fatal to the interests of both. Panicky newspaper editorials may convert financial cowards into hogs, but will have no effect on the good will and liberality of the vast majority of American financiers. Please cease howling, daily brethren. Leave that to the dogs who bay the moon, probably because they think it is made of free silver.

BRITISH BOORISHNESS REBUKED.

The British passengers on trans-atlantic steamers have very little regard, as a rule, for the feelings of others. They imagine that the whole earth must bow down to, and adore, the commonplace little old woman who serves as a rubber stamp for the official state documents of the British "Impire." A despatch from New York, dated the 24th ult., says:

"Some of the passengers who landed from the Cunarder Aurania said there was almost an international quarrel on board the previous evening. Out of the 573 cabin passengers fully one-half were Americans, and among the latter were a party of delegates returning from the Dublin convention of Irishmen. On board were also twenty clergymen from All Hallows College, Dublin, who have been assigned to parishes in Western dioceses. At the close of the evening concert the chairman requested the audience to join in singing "God Save the Queen." The American faction in the audience, and especially the returning Irish delegates, declined, and started to sing "America." Each side roared its loudest and a dispute followed, but no blows were struck. Patrick Martin, Michael Murphy, Peter W. Wrenn and Peter Gallagher, delegates to the Irish convention, were so incensed at the request for the English air that they arose in a body and left the saloon."

If blows had been struck, we are of opinion that the killed and wounded would have been mostly on the side of the Britishers.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

(Communicated.)

The plan on which the University of Chicago was founded five years ago, contemplated the placing of university instruction within the reach of all persons in and near Chicago who desire it, whether they can attend the university or not. In carrying out this purpose, non-resident classes, conducted by university instructors, have been organized to meet in various parts of the city. These classes are open to all who wish to join them. So successful has been the work that the university has set apart a special day in recognition of the large number of persons who attend these classes. The programme of the autumn convocation of the university will therefore contain a new feature. It is the announcement of Saturday, Oct. 3, as non-resident class day. This is the opening day of non-resident class work for 1896-7. Students who wish to enroll as members of the classes, beginning the first week in October, will visit the university on that day, and in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, speeches will be delivered by President Harper and others. During the first year of the university, 11 classes were formed with a total enrollment of 129. Both the number of the classes and the enrollment has steadily increased until during the past year, 111 classes were organized with a membership of 1,142.

The success not only of non-resident class-work, but of university extension in general since its introduction into this country, has been remarkable. The importance of the movement was early recognized by our most prominent educators. W. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, has said that, "All friends of a sounder education will bid God-speed to this movement of university extension." George William Curtis declared that, "The development of this university extension movement, and its extraordinary success, are the most significant facts in the modern history of education."

In view of the excellent opportunity which university extension offers to busy people, it seems strange that in this country workingmen are so slow to accept its advantages. It is not so in England. There the movement has received the support of the most influential labor leaders. Mr. Thomas Mann, speaking to workingmen, said: "If you are really desirous of contributing something towards your country's well being, if you are really willing to be at work in your respective centres to remove some of these evils, then you can each be at work spreading light and knowledge through the agency of the extension movement. All friends of education will hope that the knowledge accumulated at the universities will be distributed among the people to elevate their ideals and to give them larger and fuller life.

The method of extending university teaching, by means of classes conducted by instructors from the university, is a good one, and is easily practicable in the city and its immediate suburbs. Every person desiring educational privileges, and who cannot take advantage of regular university training will welcome the opportunity which these classes afford for intellectual improvement.

DEATH OF FATHER E. M. SMITH.

The Catholic Church in Chicago has to mourn one of its oldest pastors in the death of the Rev. Edward M. Smith, C. M., which occurred at St. Joseph's hospital on the evening of the 24th ult. Father Smith was pastor of St. Vincent's church, Webster avenue and Osgood street, and had presided over that parish for nearly a quarter of a century. The disease to which he succumbed was cancer, which made its first appearance on his neck about three years ago, and developed with a malignant rapidity during the twelve months preceding his death. He was forced to give up his pastorate, owing to the rapid progress of the malady, three months ago, and, since then, had been a patient at St. Joseph's hospital. For some weeks he had been unable to take solid food, and the weakness resulting from this circumstance hastened the inevitable end. Notwithstanding his painful illness, he made occasional pilgrimages from the hospital to St. Vincent's church, his last visit being on labor day. For three weeks he had been strictly confined to his bed, and his sufferings, which he bore with the calm heroism of a devoted Christian clergyman, were most poignant. He died tranquilly, confident of life eternal, and surrounded by those dearest to him in this world.

Father Smith was born in county Cavan, Ireland, sixty-four years ago. He was barely 20 when he came to this country. His religious education was secured at St. Mary's, Perryville, Mo., where he was ordained some thirty years ago. He came to Chicago twenty-one years ago, and immediately began the construction of what is now the old St. Vincent's church. At that time there were only six Catholic families in the parish, but Father Smith's popularity as a pastor, and his power as a preacher gradually resulted in the building up of a large congregation, which soon relieved the church of a $60,000 debt, into which it had gone to finish the place of worship. A year ago last March the new church, adjoining the old one, was begun and entirely finished under Father Smith's direction.

Chicago is not the only place, says the Tribune, in which Father Smith was well known and revered. Before coming here he was superior in St. John's college, Brooklyn, and also superior in St. Vincent's at St. Louis, Mo.

The deceased clergyman was possessed of an eloquence peculiarly his own, which had the power of swaying a congregation at will. He was very buoyant of spirit, and never undertook anything that he did not make a phenomenal success of. By his parishioners he was deeply beloved, and also by all with whom he came in contact, no matter what creed they professed. His kindly voice and handsome, venerable presence will long be sadly missed in St. Vincent's parish and throughout the archdiocese. Requiescat in pace.

The funeral occurred on Tuesday, and an account of it will be given in the next issue.

BISMARCK AS A KATY-DID.

Governor Culbertson of Texas—Bismarck did declare for bimetallism. Chicago Daily Press—Bismarck didn't. Gov. C.—He did. C. D. P.—He didn't Gov. C.—Bismarck did-did-did. C. D. P.—Bismarck didn't-didn't-didn't. Alternately—He did—He didn't—did—didn't—did-did—didn't-didn't—did-did he did.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Republican," city—We believe there was a Republican county ticket nominated last spring, to be voted for this November, but it is so long ago, we have forgotten the names of the candidates. Write to the County Central committee, city.

MR. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, who has been sojourning in Europe for some time, arrived home on Friday of last week. We are also pleased to announce that Mrs. Sullivan continues to improve.

"BOB" INGERSOLL is stumping Illinois for McKinley and Hobart. For the first time in his career, "the great infidel" is in thorough accord with the preachers.

THE Sheridan Club's annual election of officers, Saturday evening, was followed by a vaudeville entertainment. The new president, re-elected, is Michael Cudahy; vice-president, C. P. Caldwell; secretary, W. J. Crowley; treasurer, Andrew Hoffman; trustees, James Bradburn, W. Alexander, Thomas F. Keeley, M. D. Slavin and E. Baggot.

THE new church of St. Benedict, Blue Island, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies last Sunday morning, at 10:30 o'clock, at the church, Archbishop Feehan officiating. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Joseph Schrembs, of Michigan, and the Rev. George Heldman, of St. Paul's, Chicago, who spoke in German. The Rev. William Hein, pastor of the church, also spoke. The new church is said to be the handsomest in Blue Island.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELLEN T. AGNEW.

Mrs. Ellen T. Agnew, widow of the late Francis Agnew, died at her residence, No. 292 East Huron street, on Thursday of last week, after a protracted illness. Mrs. Agnew was born in this city in 1839—one of the first white children born here—and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Neill, old and respected settlers of the then small town of Chicago. She was married to Mr. Agnew in the fifties, and had the distinction of being the mother of the first boy of the second generation born in Chicago. Mrs. Agnew was a lady of gentle and affectionate disposition, an exemplary Catholic, and a friend of the poor and afflicted. The death of her beloved husband, last May, completely prostrated her, especially as the condition of her health had been precarious for some time preceding his demise, and she never entirely rallied from the shock of her great bereavement.

The funeral occurred on Saturday morning from the house to the cathedral of the Holy Name. Requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. pastor and assistant priests, after which the family and immediate relations, in carriages, escorted the honored remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest beside those of Mr. Agnew. The pallbearers were Marshal Denis Swenie, William Fogarty, Capt. John J. Healy, Capt. Louis Haas, James Boyle and Edward J. Monahan. Mrs. Agnew's surviving children are John P. Agnew, Francis Agnew, Jr., Thomas, Michael and Edward Agnew, Mrs. C. P. Monahan, of this city, and Mrs. Edward J. Darragh, of St. Paul, Minn.

MRS. DAVID WALSH.

Mrs. Johanna Walsh, wife of ex-Justice David Walsh, died at her residence, No. 1483 West Twelfth street, on the 23d ult. Death resulted from an accident which necessitated an operation she did not have the physical stamina to survive. Mrs. Walsh, whose maiden name was Miss Johanna O'Leary, was born in Ireland on March 20, 1823, and came to America in her early youth. She resided for some time in Boston and then came to Chicago, where she was married to Mr. Walsh in 1849. Mrs. Walsh enjoyed good health up to the date of her fatal accident, and bade fair to live many more years. Her death is a terrible blow to her venerable husband, who is now in his 82d year, and to all her family, to whom she was endeared by the constant manifestations of a noble nature. A devoted member of the Catholic Church, she died fortified by all the consolations of her religion, and passed away in the Christian hope of eternal happiness.

The funeral occurred from the residence to St. Agatha's church, Rev. Father Grace pastor, on Sunday morning, Sept. 25. Appropriate hymns were sung by Misses Mary Braddock and F. Christiansen, and Messrs. John J. Phelan, A. E. Darso, David Shea and John Ford. The remains were escorted to Calvary cemetery by an immense cortege; and the casket was borne by the following pallbearers: Capt. Patrick O'Connor, Dennis O'Leary, Sr., Dennis O'Leary, Jr., Thomas Kelleher, Hugh Kearns and F. C. Kearns. Rev. Father Grace delivered a graceful and touching obituary sermon. Mrs. Walsh left five surviving children, namely, David W. Walsh, Thomas J. Walsh, Mrs. Louisa Donohue, Mrs. Nellie Halligan and Sister Mary Adoline, of Cedar Rapids, Mich.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Beauty and talent were hand-in-hand at the Lyceum meeting on Thursday evening, Sept. 24, and those who stayed away are regretting their mistake ever since. Miss Nellie McKeown won praise and admiration from the audience with her winning ways and sweet voice. Equally favored was Miss Mullen, whose piano solo was more than inspiring. They, of course, suffered the penalty of being encored, and, no doubt, their presence will be looked forward to with pleasure at future meetings. Mr. J. Casper Sauer, the bright juvenile man of law, gave a selection from Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities," which called for exceptional ability in rendering, and to which he did ample justice. Mr. T. J. McCue's powerful but strangely sweet voice made the hall ring and the hearts of the audience throb with pleasure. He is blessed with rare natural vocal gifts, developed to the highest degree.

Lawyer Ed O'Reardan opened the evening's debate by a series of well-jointed arguments favoring the establishment of a commercial marine fleet by the United States government. Notwithstanding the disadvantage Mr. O'Reardon was placed at by being obliged to make an extempore address (Mr. Dillon, who was slated to open the debate, being unavoidably absent), still his ideas won many friends to his side and indicated a great measure of originality and sound sense. But when his brother lawyer, Mr. Charles L. Mahony, got hold of Brother O'Reardon series of arguments his keen wit and fluent tongue divested them of much of their semblance to actual things that might be realized. I regret being unable to report verbatim the address of both these learned men, as they contained much to enlighten those who are interested in the commercial marine question of this country.

The next meeting of the Lyceum will be held in Unity hall, No. 77 Thirty-first street, on Thursday evening, Oct. 22. Those wishing to take part in either the musical or literary parts of the programme should communicate with the secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, No. 194 Dearborn avenue, who will also furnish admission tickets free on application.

S.

"I Use Hood's Sarsaparilla whenever I need a blood purifier and tonic, and in my case it has never failed to have the desired effect. I recommend it as the best medicine of its kind."—J. MacMillan, LaVergne, Ill.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

THE ALEXIAN HOSPITAL.

Corner Stone of the New and Commodious Institution to Be Laid On Sunday, Oct. 4, With Imposing Ceremonies.

Archbishop Feehan Will Officiate—Order of the Procession of Catholic Societies—Detailed Description of the New Building.

Final arrangements for the parade of the Catholic societies at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Alexian Brothers' Hospital on Oct. 4 were made last Sunday. Representatives of all the societies which are to take part in the parade met the grand marshal, Peter Kiolbassa, and his aides, at Orpheus hall in the Schiller Building. The formation of the parade will be as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.

Comprising all military and semi-military bodies; Adam Jaeger, Division Marshal.

SECOND DIVISION.

Subordinate courts of the Catholic Order of Forester; Daniel Herliny, Division Marshal.

THIRD DIVISION.

Young men's societies; Leopold Kirchner, Division Marshal.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Ancient Order of Hibernians; Lawrence Heneiy, Division Marshal.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Polish, Bohemian and French societies: George Dalziel, Division Marshal.

SIXTH DIVISION.

German societies; Adam Schillo, Division Marshal.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Fire Department and miscellaneous societies, carriages, etc.

The parade will form in the streets in vicinity of St. Michael's church, Cleveland avenue and Eugenie street, and act as an escort to the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan from the parochial residence of St. Michael's parish to the new building at Racine and Belden avenues.

The line of march will form promptly at half-past 2 o'clock, and the procession will move at 3. Souvenirs will be presented by the Alexian Brothers to every one marching in the parade. They will consist of small books giving the history of the Alexian Hospital and a sketch of the order of Alexian Brothers. Fifteen thousand of these souvenirs have been ordered prepared.

The new site for the hospital is the block enclosed on the south by Belden avenue, on the north by Huber street, on the east by Racine avenue and on the west by Herndon street. The block is 596 feet long and 269 feet wide.

The extreme exterior dimensions of the building will be 307 feet by 236 feet. It will be four stories high, with the exception of two minor additions, two stories.

The material for the exterior will be principally red pressed brick, with blue Bedford stone base course and trimmings, and copper cornices, towers and belfry, while the entire roof is to be metal laid with a standing seam.

The whole structure will consist of a group of five distinct but connected buildings, each for the use of a separate department; the front building for administration and private patients, the east for the large wards, the north is the "Brothers' House," and the west which will not be built at present, is to be used for the care of patients afflicted with nervous troubles. In the centre of all is the chapel. There are two wings, one for operating, the other to isolate certain patients.

The first floor, only one step above the surrounding ground, is devoted entirely to service and house use. The wards and other sick rooms are all on the the three upper floors.

The main entrance is sheltered by a wide carriage porch, and leads through a vestibule into the large main hall; from this broad corridors extend to the right and left, with the office, the reception rooms, main stairs and the elevator, on three sides. Continuing around to the right are the principal rooms on each side of the corridors—the emergency dressing-rooms, dispensary, pharmacy, vapor baths, mattress room, ironing room and laundry; thence we pass through the engine room with its polished engines, dynamos, marble electric switch-board, pumps, etc., through the boiler-room on a suspended gallery, the store rooms, kitchen, bakery, dining rooms and the refectory. In the corridor to the left of the main entrance are the inquests, jury and post mortem rooms, the laboratories and mortuary chapel; the latter is large and has a separate exit to the streets.

Each of the upper floors is divided nearly alike, into four or five wards for ten beds each, six rooms for three beds each, and twenty to twenty-five private rooms, a total number of 200 beds; this can be increased in emergencies.

The future addition will contain fifty-five private rooms, and the "Brothers' House" will have about sixty rooms.

Each floor has a pantry connected with the kitchen by a dumbwaiter, baths, smoking library and reception rooms.

The main floor of the chapel is on the second floor, and is 40 by 90 feet; the ceiling is barrel vaulted, fifty feet high in the centre. The sacristy, organ and choir are grouped around the sanctuary. On the third and fourth floors are galleries for the use of patients occupying those floors. The floors, base and sanctuary steps will be of marble, the walls and ceiling of plaster, with moulded ribs and modeled ornaments.

The operating department is also on the second floor. It contains rooms for administering, rooms for convalescents, for instruments, bandage, sterilizing, rooms for visiting surgeons, and the house surgeons, locker rooms, with a shower and bath. The operating room is nearly as high as two of the stories; it is lighted by large plate glass sky-light and side light, a gallery extending around three sides to accommodate visiting surgeons. Access to the gallery is by means of small iron and marble stairs outside the operating room.

NEW ALEXIAN BROTHERS' HOSPITAL.

This entire department is finished in white, vitrified tile, marble, enameled wood and cement.

Two directly connected 60-Kilo-Watt dynamos will produce electric current for light and power. The entire building will have an abundance of electric light, distributed through the edifice by wires drawn through metal conduits, a safeguard against fire, and always accessible for repair or renewal.

The power dynamo will produce currents to drive the elevator, dumb waiter, ice machine or refrigerating plant, and several powerful fans designed to ventilate the building. The vitiated air is to be drawn up in ducts and expelled above the roof. In the wards there will be an opening behind each bed, taking in the air at that point, so that it cannot pass on over the adjoining bed.

The openings and ducts are to be so proportioned that it will not be possible for the air to pass from one room to another. Each patient will have an ample and fresh supply of air at all times, or as nearly perfect as possible.

Electric clocks controlled by a master clock in the office, will be placed at all important points; they will assure the exactness necessary to the proper attending of the sick.

House telephones at each station will communicate with the office, where a large switch-board and annunciator will control the system.

In the room for private patients the electric light and bells will have sockets under the fixtures, to which plugs and tapes may be attached and carried to the patient's bed, from which without moving he can turn the light off and on or call an attendant.

To assure absolute cleanliness, all angles and corners have been rounded. At the floors this is done in polished marble, cement or wood, whatever the floor may be at that place. All vertical and ceiling angles are also rounded.

The wood work, which is to be quarter sawed white oak, has been reduced to the minimum sizes consistent with appearance, but all moldings have been avoided, the doors for instance are to be veneered absolutely smooth without panels or mouldings, offering no crevices for dust to lodge in, that never could be removed.

Every room containing plumbing fixtures has marble floors and cement walls; all the fixtures will stand sufficiently free from the wall so that they may be easily seen on all three sides. No wood except the doors is used in such rooms

All the plumbing pipes are exposed in the bath rooms, and are all of polished brass, or of wrought iron to be finished in aluminium bronze, every piece of pipe to be accessible and visible. The sewerage is to be the Durham system.

The plumbing fixtures are all to be of solid porcelain ware, having large rounded edges, and supported on metal or porcelain legs, with no wood covering, edges or supports to become unclean.

The general construction of the building is according to the best known methods of the day, concrete foundations, all supporting walls of brick, the floor and roof beams all of steel, with fire proof hollow tile arches; dividing partitions are also of hollow tile. There are six flights of iron stairs with marble treads and risers, each is enclosed by heavy brick walls, and so located in the building that there will be no place in the structure that is not near two stairs.

The wood of the interior finish has been reduced to such small dimensions that the building will be as nearly fireproof as any building can be built.

The approximate cost of the new building is $250,000.

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

It is with regret I note the contemplated resignation of Capt. Barry, of Co. M. He is not able to spare the time from his law studies to attend to the affairs of the company. Captain, try and fix it so you can stay with us, we need officers like you, and would be very sorry to see you leave us.

There was a big improvement in the attendance at the non-commissioned officers' school last Monday evening. The boys had their lessons well learned, and every question was answered correctly. Sergt.-Maj. Kelly seemed greatly pleased with the interest taken by them in their studies. Col. Kavanaugh delivered an address, stating that the non-commissioned officers were the backbone of the regiment, and that in the future no commissioned officers would be chosen except from among the non-commissioned officers, and promising the boys that before long any of them who exhibited sufficient ability to command would be given shoulder-straps. An adjournment was taken to the drill-room, where the sergeant-major instructed them in bayonet exercises. Companies L and M being interested spectators. Co. D still holds the record for the largest attendance at the school, seven being on hand. Keep in the lead boys.

If Sergt. Tom White would pay more attention to "faces" he would receive fewer kicks.

Co. C will give an entertainment and dance at the Armory on the evening of the 31st inst. If you don't be there, boys, you will miss the event of the year. Sergt. Tobin will be on hand to "tell them that he saw them."

Friday evening week, Sergt. Chittick and Privates Brennan and Chittick, on a wager, walked from the Armory to Camp Logan, a distance of sixty miles, arriving there in sixteen hours and thirty-one minutes, which would do credit to professional pedestrians. These are the kind of soldiers the Seventh possesses.

Noticing the happy expression on the face of the adjutant, I suspect something is about to happen. MAC.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

SEAGHAN O'TUAMA CCT. 1730.

(LEANTA).

Air tunghaibh aitchim gach suairc-fhear searcach 's lucht duan do chanadh go caoineolach,
Ba fundrach feasach i d-tuairim ranna i n-uaim i n-aisde 's i sgribhneólreacht,
In bhur g-cluain dá d-tagach an fualce fleasgach no fhuaid d'á amhuil i n-aon bhóthar,
Buailfighidh, basgidhidh, a chruaidh chruit greadaighidh gan truagh gan taise do'n fiorlónach,

Fuagraim feasda dom' ruarighe rathasa, cuardighidh leasa agus graol mórchnuic,
Cuardighidh leathan chnap tuath faoi aireachas a's sluagh sighe sealga ar taoibh Bóinne,
Mór Chliona acfuinneach shuas faoi'n ngarbh chioch, Ruadhri an Ghleanna cois tighe [illegible]
Cuardaighidh Cearbhall Chluana Aoird acfuinneach a's buadh-bhuidhean maiseamhail Doinn dóidghil.

Cuardaighidh mar sin do chuanta a's cealla na sluagh sighe seasaimh sin Drim eólan
Gach nuadh-shlighe calaidh a's tuathaigh treabha ar fuaid suim bailte-puirt Chrich Fódhla.
An tan bhuadhfior amharc an fhuaid bhuidhe sgarta libh a cuail crion ceanglaighidh fiorfhógraim.
Biodh fhuamighe ag cnagarnach i g-cruaidh-snuidhim gadra 's is truagh a phiop agamsa i g-cseol chórda.

Go fiochmhar feargach tigeadh an ghasra gruig aolbhioll chraige na ngraol leogan
Má bhionn an raisde fá dhion a tearmann sgaoilfa fairsinge an riogh-ród leis.
Do shior na stadaigh d'á bh-fuigh sibh amharc ar go bim dá carta an gach aon bhóthar.
Go tigheacht abhaile cois taoibh an gheata fa dhaoirse ceangail do'n fior cóbach.

AN CEANGAL.

Fógraim fa dhó nois do thogha na bhfear,
Tóghbuidh bhur seólta go lonn le neart;
An stróinse seo seólaighidh go crom ar nasg,
Cois mhór-gheata Mhongruit ag lomadh na n-each.

Tabhartha fám' láimh agus fám' sheula.
Seághan Ua Tuama.
[FOIRCHEANN.]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Gaelic League

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

An Old Nurse for Children

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

ANTIPODAL CELTS.

Magnificent Progress of the Exiled Irish Race in the Commonwealths That Flourish Beneath the Southern Cross, In Spite of British Jurisdiction.

How the Descendants of the Irish "Rebels" of 1798 and 1848 Have Distinguished Themselves in All the Australasian Colonies.

The estimated strength of the Irish element in the Australian colonies and New Zealand now stands at a million and a quarter souls, says J. F. Hogan, M. P., in the Weekly Freeman, of Dublin. How well and successfully have the Irishmen of the colonies co-operated in the working of self-governing institutions, framed on the British model, is a striking and convincing proof of the inherent capacity of the race to thoroughly and satisfactorily cope with the problems of both local and general government. One has only to glance over the official handbooks of the various colonies to see the large and important part played by Irishmen and sons of Irishmen in the administration of public affairs in Australia and New Zealand. Their name is legion. As mayors, magistrates, goldfields officials, civic councilors, civil servants of all grades, members of parliament, ministers of the crown, speakers and governors, Irishmen in the colonies have always been strongly in evidence. They are to be found among the most prosperous merchants, among the pioneers of every new goldfield that is opened up, and among those brave and adventurous spirits that have gone forth into the untraversed wilds of the interior, taking their lives in their hands and encountering all sorts of perils and privations in the interests of science and geographical research.

New South Wales, the parent Australian colony, has always had the largest proportion of people of Irish birth and descent, and Sydney, its metropolis, continues to this day to be a city of an appreciable Hibernian complexion. In one of its cemeteries there repose the ashes of Michael Dwyer, the insurgent captain of the Wicklow mountains, who was exiled to New South Wales for his share in the insurrection of '98. Gen. Holt also spent some years in that colony as a political prisoner, but was eventually permitted to return to Ireland. Three Irish priests—Fathers Harold, O'Neill and Dixon—and one Protestant clergyman, Rev. Mr. Fulton, were also sent to Sydney for alleged complicity in the '98 movement. A number of the rank and file of the Irish rebel party were despatched to New South Wales under sentences of transportation, and their descendants are today among the most honored and respected members of the community.

During the first half of the present century, some thousands of Irish emigrants settled in Australia, but it was not until the breaking out of the gold fever in 1851, that the great rush of Irishmen to the colonies commenced. They were among the first to reveal the golden glories of Ballarat and Bendigo, and as a rule they were remarkably lucky in their quest of the precious metal. A certain number returned to Ireland with rapidly acquired fortunes, but many more settled down in the colony of Victoria, and contributed a valuable element to the cosmopolitan character of its population. They constituted the backbone of the successful agitation against the autocratic methods of Governor Sir Charles Hotham, and the brutal system of collecting license fees at the point of the bayonet from all diggers alike, whether lucky or unlucky. The resistance to this arbitrary and exacting system of government reached a climax in December, 1854, when the Ballarat diggers publicly burned their licenses and unanimously elected Peter Lalor as their commander-in-chief. Mr. Lalor, a younger son of Patrick Lalor, M. P., Queens county, and one of Daniel O'Connell's chief lieutenants, assumed the full responsibility of the position conferred upon him by his brother diggers, organized and drilled his men, and gave battle to the forces of the crown. He lost his left arm in the conflict, and his men were defeated for the moment, but their cause soon triumphed. A radical change was made in the administration of the gold fields, and the hateful license-fee system was abolished.

Parliamentary representation was conceded to the diggers, who returned Mr. Lalor for Ballarat at the head of the poll amid enthusiastic demonstrations. For the next thirty-five years he was among the most prominent of Australian politicians, and after holding office in several ministries, he was elected to the speaker's chair, and filled it during three parliaments with conspicuous credit and success. He was the fourth Irish speaker who presided over the deliberations of the parliament of Victoria, his predecessors in the chair having been Sir Francis Murphy, Sir Charles McMahon, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Mr. Lalor, too, might have been a sir had he felt any inclination for the prefix. He was thrice offered knighthood, but declined on each occasion.

Queensland is a colony which received a large influx of Irish emigrants in the sixties. Its first bishop, Dr. James Quinn, a native of Athy, county Kildare, was a man of remarkable energy and organizing power, and he threw himself heart and soul into the planting of Irish families on the soil, in order that his countrymen should have the full share of the benefits conferred by the liberal land legislation for Queensland. Dr. Kevin Prod O'Doherty, the last survivor of the transported political prisoners of '48, settled in Brisbane, the metropolis of Queensland, and still resides there as one of its most popular and respected citizens. He has sat in both houses of the Queensland legislature, and has filled the high office of president of the Irish National League of Australia, in which capacity he presided over the Irish-Australian convention of 1882. A kinsman of Thomas Davis, Robert Francis Atkin, also settled in Brisbane, and became vice-president of the Hibernian society of Queensland. The parliamentary librarian of Queensland, Mr. Denis O'Donovan, is well known as one of the most learned and accomplished literary Irishmen of our time.

Tasmania is chiefly noteworthy as having been the place of exile to which the leading men of the '48 movement—Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Mitchel, John Martin, Terence Bellew McManus, Dr. O'Doherty and Patrick O'Donaghue—were sent in British ships of war. The circumstances of their residence in the isle of beauty and the manifold scenic attractions of the interior are enshrined in the glowing and graphic pages of John Mitchel's "Jail Journal." A son of one of the transported men of '98 became prime minister of Tasmania in the person of Sir Richard Day.

The colony of South Australia contains a good number of sturdy, prosperous and patriotic Irish settlers, while in the marvelous development of the neighboring immense province of Western Australia that recent years have witnessed, Irishmen have been conspicuous in the van. When Coolgardie, the world-renowned Western Australian goldfield, was called upon for the first time to elect a member of parliament, it placed at the head of the poll one of the pioneers of the field in the person of a young Irish Nationalist, Mr. C. J. Moran, who still well and worthily represents it at the metropolis, Perth. The bishop of Perth (Dr. Matthew Gibney) has illustrated the traditional heroism and devotion to duty of the Irish priest. It was he, a simple priest at the time, who, when the house in which the Kelly gang of outlaws were making their last stand was seen to be on fire, rushed across the open in spite of the shots of soldiers and police, threw himself into the burning building, and battled his way through the flames in the hope of being in time to administer the last consolations of religion to the dying desperadoes.

New Zealand is a colony in which the Irish race have done remarkably well, and gone ahead by leaps and bounds. It was the scene of the first four years of the episcopal activity of the illustrious archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, as bishop of Auckland, had jurisdiction over the whole of the North Island of New Zealand, the part in which the Maori tribes were most numerous. His grace did much to evangelize them and to organize congregations among them. They regarded them with the highest respect and admiration, and to this day humorous anecdotes of Dr. Croke's kindly interest in their welfare and his athletic prowess are in circulation among them. Sir George Grey, the grand old man of New Zealand, successively its governor and prime minister, is the son of an Irish mother and an English father, who was killed at the storming of Badajoz. Sir George claims to be the father of home rule, and to have been the first to suggest a practical policy on the subject to Isaac Butt. However that may be, certain it is that he was one of its earliest, most influential and most eloquent advocates. In his 85th year, he is as ardent, enthusiastic and sanguine a home ruler as ever.

The Catholic church in Australia is a sturdy and immediate offshoot of the old church in Ireland. Probably all its prelates and clergy are drawn from the old land. For many years All Hallows college, Dublin, has been training young Levites specially for the work of the colonial mission. They have gone forth from that splendid and beneficent institution to carry the faith of St. Patrick into the most distant townships in the heart of the Australian bush. Australia is studded with noble cathedrals, convents, schools, churches, orphanages, etc., that tell in trumpet tongues the story of the faith and fidelity of the exiled children of St. Patrick. The first Australian cardinal is an eminent Irishman, Dr. Patrick Francis Moran, archbishop of Sydney, formerly bishop of Ossory, whose luminous works on the early history of the Irish and British churches are familiar to every ecclesiastical student. The latest work of his eminence, a "History of the Catholic Church in Australasia," is a marvel of painstaking research, and its literary merits have received handsome acknowledgments from the colonial press. In the sister city of Melbourne, Archbishop Carr, formerly bishop of Galway, is preparing for the celebration in November of the completion of St. Patrick's cathedral, the architectural gem of Melbourne, and one of the largest and most magnificent temples ever dedicated to the patron saint of the Irish race!

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System, at 6:1[illegible] p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. MORROW, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Harvest Excursions

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: September 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of $2 more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger agent, Chicago, Ill.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

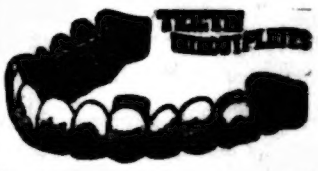
For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.



Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.50
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

JAMES LEDDY,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Teas & Coffees,

High Grade Wines Retailed to Families at wholesale prices. All orders delivered promptly free of charge.

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CHICAGO.

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SUITE 616, 618 & 620 [illegible] BLOCK,

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TELEPHONE [illegible] CHICAGO.

WHERE THE POLITICIAN IS AT REST.

At the county seat of Cherry,
Where the rolling Niobrara
Gives to all the scene a very
  Fine, enchanting, gorgeous look,
Not a single man is seeking
For an office worth the speaking,
While some other boots are squeaking
  Clear from Douglas to McCook.

Almost every other section
Has an eye in this direction—
Men who wait the fall election
  Now in feverish suspense.
There's a mighty germination
'Mongst the rural population
Of good people seeking station
  Of reward and consequence.

Politicians now are flying
Round the state, each fellow trying
By close, systematic lying,
  As it were, to kick the goal.
The persimmon is a treasure
They will look upon with pleasure,
Which will fall into the measure
  Of the one with longest pole.

Cherry county in this action
Is not driven to distraction,
But with quiet satisfaction
  Views the conflict right along.
Her great people do not rattle
All about in this old battle—
They are raising corn and cattle,
  And their pocketbooks are strong.

When old age my system shatters,
And my clothing is in tatters,
And I've squared my earthly matters
  For a journey to the Styx,
Let my people kindly bury
Me beside the Niobrara,
Near the county seat of Cherry,
  Where they have no politix.

—Nebraska State Journal.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

"Who is the young fellow with the yellow hair, Duff?" whispered Captain Loraine as he and his friend stood on the outer edge of the small circle gathered round a couple of ecarte players at the Nebulus club.

"Archie Lidyard."

"Never heard of him. He's got the fever pretty strongly, eh?" he added as they moved away to the other end of the room.

"Young fool!" ejaculated Duff as he flung himself into a seat. "He's just going the pace as fast as he can. I've known him since he was so high, all legs and Eton collar. His mother is a charming woman, but a great deal too weak to deal with a fellow like that."

"Ah," remarked Loraine, without any great interest. "And who's the man he's playing with?"

"A friend of Val Travers—a colonial, I fancy—Mr. James Ruthven by name. Why will youngsters like Lidyard always choose such opponents?"

"You don't think"—

"Oh, no," interposed Duff hastily. "Everything is all square, I've no doubt, only Archie Lidyard's about as fit to hold a card against a cool headed, experienced man as I am to discuss the Apocalypse with the archbishop of Canterbury. I say, waiter, can't that window be made to shut behind there? There's a most abominable draft."

"Yes, sir. I'll see, sir," replied the waiter quickly as he jumped on to the window sill behind the couch on which the two friends sat and began to tussle with the window.

"Is this young friend of yours rich?" asked Loraine, noticing that his companion was still watching the party at the card table.

"Archie Lidyard? I'm not sure that I should call him a friend of mine. I like his mother, but I've small patience with the young jackanapes. Rich? No, not at present at any rate. The father was a big iron master who made a colossal fortune and, unluckily for the young hopeful over there, died half a dozen years ago. The man was tolerably clear sighted, though, and left the bulk of the money to his wife, stipulating that Archie's minority should not terminate till he reached his twenty-fifth year and that until that time his allowance should not exceed a certain figure. He has to get through a couple of years before he attains his majority, and in consequence poor Mrs. Lidyard lives in a chronic state of pulling her son out of the mire, paying his debts and sending him on his way to sin no more. It's terrible hard on the poor woman. He's an only child, and of course there's nothing she wouldn't do for him."

"Very sad. But I say, Duff," broke off Captain Loraine, "it seems to me that the Nebulus club is about the oldest place in London."

As he spoke a window went up with a sharp bang, and the waiter leaped down from behind them.

"You don't feel anything more of the draft now, sir," he said, addressing Duff.

"Oh, is it shut now? You were a precious long time about it."

Some one near the card table called to the waiter, and he hurried there. At the same moment Archie Lidyard rose.

"No, I won't take my revenge tonight," he said, with an attempt at a laugh. "What's the amount of my debt, Mr. Ruthven?"

"Let me see, £500—yes, £555. But there's no hurry if you haven't your checkbook with you. You can send it round to my hotel any time tomorrow. I don't leave for Paris till the night mail."

"Thank you," said young Lidyard. "I'd sworn off cards, or I should have had it with me. You are putting up at the Savoy, I think?"

"Yes, No. 49," replied Ruthven. "You may as well come and lunch with me."

"I will if I possibly can," said young Lidyard, "but if not, I'll send a check round. Stay, though," he exclaimed suddenly; "I can discharge a portion of my debt at once." The flush deepened on his cheeks as he fumbled in his pocketbook and drew out a check. He glanced at it, and his hand shook a little as he held it toward Ruthven. "This is for £300," he explained. "You shall have the rest tomorrow."

Ruthven in his turn glanced at the check.

"To Eva Lidyard," he read half aloud in a tone of some surprise.

"My mother," replied Lidyard a little sharply. "I think you will find the indorsement all right. I will give you an I O U for the balance."

He was about to call for the waiter, when the man, who had been standing at his side throughout the transaction, handed him the writing materials.

Archie Lidyard wrote the acknowledgment, spoke a few words to those around him and then left the room. It was evident, in spite of the young man's efforts at calmness and unconcern, that the loss was a serious one and the evening's work no laughing matter.

But James Ruthven was naturally in a more cheerful mood. He was not a poor man, but he was far enough from being a millionaire to feel no slight satisfaction at the respectable sum of his winnings. Five hundred and fifty-five pounds was a total worthy of consideration, and it must be confessed that he looked at the slip of paper bearing the pretty signature of "Eva Lidyard" on the back with a certain amount of complacency before retiring to rest.

He was aroused next morning by a loud knocking at his door.

"Eh? Come in. What's the matter? What do you want?" he inquired, starting up.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"What?"

Ruthven admitted the servant, glancing at his watch as he passed. It was just 9:30. Who could wish to see him so soon.

"A lady to see me, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"What sort of a lady?" inquired Ruthven dubiously.

"I can't say rightly, sir. She's got a thick veil on, and she's all in black."

"Did she give you no card?"

"No, sir."

"Most extraordinary. Go down and ask her if she can tell you her business."

In a few minutes he returned.

"It's a Mrs. Lidyard, sir, and she says her business is very private."

"Mrs. Lidyard!" Like a flash the pretty signature at the back of the check came back to him. "Ask her into the sitting room," he said quickly. "Say I will be with her directly."

He dressed hurriedly. What could she want with him?

"You wish to see me, madam?" he asked as five minutes later he closed the door of his private sitting room behind him.

A tall black robed figure advanced to him.

"You are very good to come to me," she said in a broken voice.

Ruthven glanced at her quickly. She looked particularly graceful and elegant in her sable draperies, and the voice was soft and pleasant in spite of the evident distress and nervousness of the speaker.

"Pray sit down," said Ruthven, drawing a chair, but Mrs. Lidyard sank down in one nearer her, her back to the light.

"Will you tell me what I can do for you?" asked Ruthven gently.

The small black gloved hands twisted a handkerchief desperately. Mrs. Lidyard made one or two ineffectual attempts to speak and at last said:

"You won a large sum of money last night from my son at cards, Mr. Ruthven?"

"A considerable sum, yes."

"And he—gave you a check for it?"

"For part of it, certainly."

Mrs. Lidyard uttered a groan. Ruthven's astonishment grew. What did it all mean? With what was evidently a great effort his visitor continued:

"A check drawn in my favor, evidently indorsed by me?"

"Yes."

"I—he—oh!" she broke down, sobbing, "the wretched, wretched boy!"

The veil she wore was thick, but not so thick as to disguise her, and Ruthven could see that Mrs. Lidyard was still possessed of very great charms, and the glimpse he caught of her snowy hair only made the rest of her face appear more youthful. Grief, under such circumstances, cannot fail to be touching.

"Pray calm yourself, Mrs. Lidyard," he said soothingly. "You have not yet told me how I can serve you."

Mrs. Lidyard suppressed her agitation and continued:

"I must tell you everything. I can do nothing but throw myself upon your mercy. Yesterday, on going through my accounts, I missed a check that had been sent me only the day before. I searched everywhere for it, and not finding it I finally telegraphed to the bankers, stopping payment. I did not at first suspect that"— She hesitated. "I am very unfortunately placed. My son has extravagant tastes and an income quite insufficient to indulge them." She looked at Ruthven piteously.

"I think I understand," he said gravely.

"I waited for my son, spoke to him of what I had dreaded, implored him to tell me all. And, oh, Mr. Ruthven, have pity on him and me and give me back that wretched check."

Ruthven rose immediately and a second later returned.

"You can count on my discretion," he said pityingly as he placed the check in her hand.

"Oh, how can I thank you, how can I ever thank you?" she exclaimed almost hysterically. Then, seeing a small writing table, she sat down hurriedly.

"May I write you a check here?"

He smiled, and she drew a checkbook from the bag she carried.

"Mr. James Ruthven, is it not?"

She began to write and then turned to him quickly.

"But £300 is not the whole amount. Will you tell it me?"

Ruthven replied shortly, "Five hundred and fifty-five pounds." It was one thing winning money at the Nebulus from Archie Lidyard, a bit of a coxcomb and a great deal of a fool, quite another taking it here in the cold morning light from his mother, still quivering from the anguish she had undergone.

"Here it is," she said, rising. "You see the indorsement was not even a clever forgery," she added, with a little sob.

Ruthven glanced at it. There was a certain similarity in the signatures, no doubt, but the one he had seen last night was firmer, with a touch of masculinity wanting in this.

No, as she said, it was not even a clever forgery.

"I don't think you know what you have done for me, Mr. Ruthven," she said, offering him her hand. "No, please," she continued as he made a movement to accompany her, "I would rather go alone. Thank you again, and God bless you!"

James Ruthven was not a sentimental man, but he was rather pleased with Mrs. Lidyard's parting words, though it was perfectly clear to him that he had done little to deserve them, for, after all, it was a clear gain to him to exchange a worthless bit of paper for a check for £555.

His complacency remained undisturbed for at least two hours. He breakfasted well and read his paper with absolute serenity. Then he took a cab to the St. James square branch of the Westminster bank.

The cashier took the slip of paper and after looking at the signature honored Ruthven with a keen glance before disappearing.

"Will you step this way?"

Ruthven looked up astonished, but obeyed, conscious that the clerks were watching him curiously as he was ushered into the manager's sanctum.

"I shall be glad if you will explain how this check came into your possession," said the manager as Ruthven came into the room, while the cashier stood with his hand on the door.

"I really don't understand," began Ruthven.

"No one," replied the manager, "of the name of Eva Lidyard has an account with this bank?"

"No account!" exclaimed Ruthven. "No account! Why, she wrote this check for me not two hours ago!"

There was a smile about the manager's eyes as he renewed his request for an explanation of the circumstances by which the check had come into Ruthven's possession, and as he unfolded the story of the white haired, tearful mother imploring mercy for her wretched son the smile deepened.

"I think it's a matter for the police, Simpkins," he said to the cashier, and turning to Ruthven he remarked: "I expect the check you parted with has been cashed now. Do you remember the name and the bank upon which it was drawn?"

Ruthven's memory was not at fault, and driving thither he found that the manager had guessed correctly. The check he had parted with had been presented a couple of hours previously and paid. Thus it happened that an hour later Ruthven was returning to the Savoy, though in a very different frame of mind from that in which he left it. In fact, he was in a very black humor indeed as he entered his sitting room, where, to complete his perplexity, Archie Lidyard was seated, with his heels on the mantel and a serene smile on his lips.

"Hello!" said Lidyard. "I've accepted your lunch, but if I'd known I should have had to wait so long for it I would have gone elsewhere."

Ruthven was too excited to take any notice of the remark. He strode up to the young man and looked at him savagely.

"Where's your mother?" he demanded.

It was Lidyard's turn to look astonished. "Where's—my—mother? Why?" It suddenly occurred to him that his host had gone mad, and he grasped a chair as the only weapon of defense handy.

Ruthven saw the look of fear in Lidyard's face. "I beg your pardon, Lidyard. A most extraordinary thing has happened. Your mother called on me this morning."

"My mother is in Wales," said Lidyard quietly.

"Then I've been swindled as neatly as ever man was," declared Ruthven. "There's only one thing to do."

"Lunch," remarked Lidyard sententiously.

When lunch was finished, Ruthven had recovered some portion of his serenity. "Nevertheless," he said as he leaned back in his chair, "I think we'll try Scotland Yard."

* * * * * * *

And while Scotland Yard busied itself discussing the problem thus presented, a couple of passengers to Nice were comfortably seated in a reserved carriage of the night express.

"Not a bad morning's work, eh?" remarked one of them to his pretty golden haired companion.

The girl laughed.

"If you don't break the bank at Monte Carlo, Bob, I think I shall go on the stage and play old ladies. That white wig was awfully becoming."

"You managed it beautifully, Nell. There's no knowing what we mayn't be able to do with my wits and your looks, but anyway this is better than shutting windows for crusty gents at the Nebulus, isn't it?" he added, slipping his arm around her waist.—London Truth.

Perfectly Impartial.

The wife of one of Lord Powis' keepers was asked by the clergyman of her own parish why she went running off three miles to another church whenever the earl went there. Why didn't she keep to her own church? "His lordship likes to see his servants at church," replied the woman. "Which do you think most of, then," asked the parson, "Lord Powis or the Almighty?" "They have both been very good to me, sir," replied the woman, averse to invidious comparisons.—Household Words.

The Dear Girls.

"Now, Kitty, let there be no secrets between dearest friends. What was your first thought after you accepted Harold Lawler?"

"Honest Injun?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, my first thought was that now he could never marry you."—Detroit Free Press.

FEMALE BANDITS.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHO GAINED FAME IN LIVES OF CRIME.

Some Were Irish, Some Were Italian and Some Were French—Sketches of the Careers of Several of the Worst and Most Notorious.

Women are like the little girl with the curl; when they are bad, they are horrid. Yet man is loath to hear the worst of them. Therefore he may object to being told that women have pursued successful careers as pirate chiefs, leaders of bandits, etc. Nevertheless this is so, and the names and histories of a few of the women who have thus distinguished themselves may prove interesting.

Miss Grace O'Malley lived toward the end of the sixteenth century. She was commander of a small navy that sailed the seas for piratical purposes. She had a rendezvous at Clare island, where she built a fortress and caused her largest vessels to be moored, but her chief stronghold was Carrigahooly castle, where her smaller barks were kept. This enterprising pirate queen scuttled ships, took prisoners whom she compelled to walk the plank traditionally dear to the pirate's heart, buried treasure and generally enjoyed herself in a little, illegal, freebooting way for many years. At last she became so powerful and dangerous that a reward of £500 was offered for her capture.

When Miss O'Malley learned how eagerly her presence was desired in official circles, she snapped her fingers contemptuously and shut herself up in Carrigahooly. Troops were at once dispatched from Dublin to besiege this stronghold, but after a fortnight were forced to retire. Having achieved this victory, Miss O'Malley felt herself invincible and ran things pretty much her own way. Many a stately ship sailed out to conquer her, but her vessels were fleet, and Clare island was then surrounded by a kind of labyrinth which only those in her employ knew how to thread, so she gave her pursuers a rollicking race and laughed mockingly at them as she disappeared from view, a little, graceful figure in a long, red sash stuck full of gleaming pistols, and with long, curling hair, surmounted with a red cap, blowing out behind her as the boat flew through the water. Long did she flourish, the queen and terror of the Hibernian seas.

Jane de Belleville is another woman whose story is pertinent to our subject. Her husband, Oliver, lord of Clisson, was accused by Philip de Valois of holding secret communication with the English, and without waiting for evidence Philip caused him to be beheaded. His widow, burning for revenge, sold her jewels and equipped three vessels, with which she cruised about the coast of Normandy, attacking all ships that flew the French colors and devastating the country for three or four miles inland. The people of that region regarded her with almost superstitious fear. The sight of a strange ship would throw the peasants into a panic, and they would anxiously whisper it to one another, expressing their belief that it belonged to the "sister of the evil one," who had come to burn their village. Many a thriving hamlet, many a peaceful home, many a little parish church did this woman give to the flames. Where the white haired priest had given his blessing to his little flock, where the village lad had told his blushing sweetheart of his love, where the child had learned to pray at its mother's knee, reigned ashes and death whenever the land fell under the blighting glance of the "sister of the evil one."

Thirty odd years ago Italy was prey to banditti of the most ferocious character. These men were often accompanied by beautiful fiends, generally their wives or sisters, who, if the leader were killed or imprisoned, took command in his place. Such a one was Maria, wife of the famous bandit Monaco. She was a beautiful girl, only 20 years old, but she assisted her husband in all his marauding expeditions. Monaco was slain in a desperate encounter with the Italian troops near Rossano. At the same time Maria was severely wounded. Planting one knee firmly on her husband's corpse, she continued to load and fire with astonishing rapidity, until she finally was disabled and made prisoner. She was tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot, but so much did her captors admire her bravery that they commuted her sentence to 20 years' penal servitude.

Maria went to prison, confident of her ability to escape, and she at once cast about for means to that end. Her black eyes no sooner fell upon the jailer, who was young and impressionable, than she determined to make him her tool in the attempt. Accordingly she played off her fascinations upon the poor youth to such good purpose that he fell in love with her, and they escaped together. Maria had instructed the jailer to send word to her brothers, also brigands, to meet them in a certain dark wood near Cattanzaro, and thither the runaways turned their steps. They plunged into the black depths of the forest, Maria leading. To keep up his spirits, which were rapidly sinking, the jailer began to tell his companion how much he should enjoy a bandit's life; that he had always admired wild and daring men. At that moment Maria's brothers, answering very accurately to the description just given by the poor young man, appeared upon the scene. "First get rid of that carrion," said Maria, pointing to the frightened and astonished jailer, whom they immediately dispatched.

Having got rid of this little piece of business, Maria proceeded to form a new band, of which she was elected captain. Thereafter she ravaged the district to her own satisfaction, for though two battalions were detailed to capture her the rural population of the region stood in such deadly terror of Captain Maria that the soldiers could get no help from them.—Atlanta Constitution.

ORIGIN OF THE TIP.

Authentic Historical Anecdote Related by a Sage—How the Snap Started.

"It is indeed an interesting study," began the sage. "I refer to race track phrascology. From the time that the horse was first used in Egypt, some 1,600 years before Christ, so history tells us, unto the present day there has been accumulated a mass of language entirely distinct from that in use by the masses, and which can only be mastered by amassing a knowledge of the same."

After this deep and massive introduction the sage sank for a moment into a state of deep meditation, while the blase bystander murmured, "See 'Goodwin's Guide,' pages ——."

"So?" said the sage, suddenly aroused. "Can you tell me, then, how the much used term 'tip' first came into use as applied to a horse race?"

"A tip," ventured the bystander, not consulting his "Guide," "a tip is a—a tip. It was probably first used by somebody who wanted to give somebody else a—a tip."

"M-m-m," said the sage with a show of sarcasm. "You remind me of the German publisher who once translated a biography of the novelist Ouida, and then hit upon the fitting title, 'Auf Ouida Schen.' A tip is a tip and a top is a top, I suppose, and this you might consider a tiptop explanation. But the truth is this:

"During the reign of King Charles II, when horse racing first became popular in England, a certain gentleman first hit upon the scheme of furnishing information of the work of race horses at so much per message. Shrewd he was indeed, and lucky withal, for the very next day after his advertisement appeared in the papers there came unto him an answer, and fish No. 1 nibbed at the bait. And the shrewd one sent him circulars—to show that he was on the square—and when the fish saw the circulars his brain revolved like a circular saw, and he bit, inclosing £1 for information that was to put him upon the highroad to fortune. And in return for the £1 the shrewd one sent the fish a message reading: 'Pot-Pouri. T. I. P.'

"And the fish, wondering greatly at the mystic symbols, nevertheless backed Pot-Pouri for a small amount. And, lo, Pot-Pouri won at odds of 6 to 4 on, and both the shrewd one and the fish rejoiced exceedingly. And the fish then made inquiry as to the meaning of the letters T. I. P., being met with the reply, 'This is positive.' And there came another day, and the fish received another message, this time reading, 'Consomme, T. I. P.' And, lo, the fish, strong now in faith, banked heavily upon the chances of Consomme winning and—and lost direfully. And the fish marveled greatly thereat until a missive from the shrewd one reached him explaining that the message, 'Consomme, T. I. P.,' was to be interpreted, 'Consomme; trained in private,' and as such might well bear watching. And the shrewdness of the shrewd one dawning upon the fish, he sought him in wrath on his own homing grounds, saying, 'T. I. P.—Trust in Providence.' Whereupon, in the presence of the assembled touts, he gave him the tout ensemble.

"Thus," said the sage, "the tip originated."—American Caterer.

The First Sight of a White Man.

At the African villages I camp in the stockades and am on view all day. So long as there is any daylight men, women and children are peeping over the slanting roofs and round the tall clay granaries with hard, fixed stare. At first they remain silent; then they begin to exchange among themselves ideas concerning the white arrival. They are keenly observant of every movement I make, but they are ready to bolt the moment I display unusual signs of activity. If I strike a match or sneeze or sharpen a pencil, every head disappears, to reappear when assurance is felt that it was a false alarm. The youngsters, without such keen sense of danger, are generally in the foreground, but when there is a stampede they are caught up and carried off. When it is chilly, the people cross their arms over their breasts and hang a hand over each shoulder. They have never seen a white man before in these districts, but the natives do undoubtedly appreciate a visit from a white man's caravan when they fully realize that he is friendly, just and peacefully inclined.—The Late E. J. Glave in Century.

Colors.

White is the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, faith, joy and life. In the judge it indicates integrity; in the sick, humility; in the woman, chastity. Red, the ruby, signifies fire, divine love and royalty. White and red roses express love and wisdom. Blue, or the sapphire, expresses heaven, the firmament, truth from a celestial origin, constancy and fidelity. Yellow or gold is the symbol of the sun, of marriage and faithfulness. Green, the emerald, is the color of spring, of hope—particularly of the hope of immortality and of victory, as the color of the laurel and palm. Violet, the amethyst, signifies love and truth or passion and suffering. Purple and scarlet signify things good and true from a celestial origin. Black corresponds to despair, darkness, earthliness, mourning, negation, wickedness and death.—Philadelphia Times.

Curran and the Tailors.

Curran, the famous orator and wit, never hesitated to sacrifice his friends for the sake of a joke. On one occasion the Merchant Tailors' guild of Dublin gave a banquet, to which he was invited; in fact, he was the guest of honor. He kept his hosts amused all evening. There were just 18 of his entertainers and when Curran took his leave he waited till he reached the door, then with a smile and a bow said: "And now, gentlemen, I have the honor of saying good night to both of you." He made his escape before the 18 tailors realized the joke and then it was too late to catch him.

The Hero of a Shipwreck.

A tale of rare heroism has come to light in connection with the loss of the ship Ealing, wrecked on her passage to New York early in the year. The men made for the two boats, the one under the captain's command and the other under the mate's. It was the depth of winter in the north Atlantic, and some of the men died from exposure the same day, including the captain. This boat was then under the command of the second mate, Mr. Thomas, who navigated her to the nearest port, Canso. Of course only a few stood the intense cold, and Mr. Thomas bore the brunt of the toil and suffering. Without compass, food or instruments of any kind, he had to tell the men how to steer by the polestar and sun. As .o poor fellows died, frozen stiff, they were gently thrown overboard to lighten the boat, a prayer being offered the while. In four days land was made, and the remnant of the crew, perfectly helpless, were taken on shore to the hospital. It was then found that Mr. Thomas was so severely frost bitten that it was necessary to amputate both hands and feet. Thus a man in his prime, just 33 years of age, is rendered helpless through his devoted heroism. The men in the chief mate's boat have never since been heard of, so that the eight men landed are the sole survivors of a crew of 24.—London Telegraph.

Animals In Japan.

Japan is a land without the domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows—the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners. The wagons in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men.

There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watchdogs, beasts of burden nor in hunting, except by foreigners. There are no sheep in Japan; the wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules or donkeys. Wild animals there are however—in particular bears of enormous size. One of these Mr. Finck saw stuffed in a museum, and he describes it as being as "big as an ox." War, of course, is acquainting the Japanese with the use of animals. The army has cavalry horses and others to drag the field guns. The empress also, in obvious imitation of European royalties, is an expert horsewoman, and saddle horses are kept for her use.—Science Siftings.

Kissing on a Tandem.

"One of the greatest problems in bicycling," said a giddy bicyclist, "is how to kiss a girl while riding a tandem without upsetting. The first time I tried it there was the blankest catastrophe on record. We were spinning along at a scorching rate and struck a shady place, where the electric light was obstructed by the dense foliage and the shadows lay heavy and somber. I had made sufficient progress with the damsel whom I had honored with the front seat to venture upon a delicate caress, and as we struck the shadows I leaned forward, throwing my weight upon the handles and giving my neck the necessary curve. She was naturally somewhat startled and dodged, giving the wheel a wrench that was fatal. In a moment we were sprawling on the boulevard, and when I gathered up her remains and my battered self she was the picture of an intensely irate damsel. What she said to me was a-plenty. Only a man who can ride a bucking broncho in a cyclone ought to tackle such a feat."—New York Telegram.

A Queer Time For Business.

The vicar of a certain parish church has recently paid many visits to an old farmer, one Giles, with the object of inducing him to attend church. At length he received the assurance that the farmer would "pop in some time when he wasn't busy."

On the following Sunday, while the clergyman was giving out his text, Giles nervously entered the sacred edifice. Walking up the center aisle, he peered from left to right until he reached the front pew, when, to the surprise of the vicar, he turned on his heel and walked out again.

The preacher was somewhat severe on the congregation for their lack of courtesy in not offering the stranger a seat, and, after giving a "wigging" to the church wardens, sidesmen and verger, the vicar waited upon the farmer and apologized in their behalf.

"Oh, I didn't come to stay!" exclaimed Giles. "I wanted to see Farmer Brown about his pigs, but he wasn't there."—Pearson's Weekly.

London Hospitals.

The London hospitals treat about 87,000 inpatients and about 1,299,000 outpatients every year. This does not include the large number of outpatients who are treated in the free dispensaries. Besides the 92 voluntary hospitals in London there are 39 charitable dispensaries, and these in 1895 dealt with 205,833 new cases. Further, there are in London 26 poor law infirmaries, which deal with about 10,500 patients daily, apart from the inmates in the sick wards of workhouses, and in the course of the year more than 130,000 "permanent," "ordinary" and "midwifery" medical orders are issued in connection with 44 poor law dispensaries.—New York Tribune.

His Last Nail Driven.

To be seen in Laneham church, Nottinghamshire, and sacred to the memory of James Penant, blacksmith, who died in 1763:

My tongs and hammers I've declined;
My bellows they have lost their wind;
My fires extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vise is laid;
My coals are spent, my iron gone;
My nails are drove; my work is done.

—Good Word

WITH A BARREL OF OYSTERS.

How a Great Russian Banker Bought His Freedom From Serfdom.

One of the best known banking houses of St. Petersburg and the one to which most American visitors to Russia carry letters of credit is that of Messrs. Shalounine & Sons, the founder of which, father of the present head of the firm, owed his liberation from serfdom, 15 years before the decree of emancipation, to a barrel of oysters. Old Shalounine was a serf belonging to Count Sheremetieff, one of the wealthiest nobles in Russia. He had frequently entreated the count to grant him his freedom, offering him as much as $500,000 for the boon. But money was no object to the count, and it gratified his pride to feel that one of the leading bankers of the empire was one of his serfs, unable to marry either his sons or his daughters without his master's consent. Moreover, as serf, the banker was liable to have his money seized and confiscated any moment by the count, since everything that belonged to a serf, including his wife, children and property, belonged ipso facto to his master.

One day Shalounine, who had just that very morning returned to the capital from Odessa, called at the Sheremetieff palace for the purpose of reporting his arrival, as in duty bound to his owner. He had brought with him a barrel of delicious Crimean oysters for presentation to the count, but left them in his carriage at the palace door until he should have obtained his master's intimation that his gift was acceptable.

On entering the presence of the count the banker found him surrounded by a party of guests and engaged in berating his chief butler for neglecting to provide oysters for the breakfast to which they were about to sit down. The butler was explaining to the count that there were no oysters to be got in the capital at that moment for love or money. Catching sight of the serf banker the count exclaimed:

"Oh, it is thou again. Thou art come to pester me once more for thy liberation! Thou knowest that it is useless. I should not know what to do with thy money. But stay, I will tell thee something. Get me some oysters for my breakfast and thou shall have thy freedom!"

Shalounine bowed low, left the room, fetched the small barrel of oysters which he had left in his carriage at the door, and laid it at the feet of his master.

As soon as the barrel had been opened the count called for a pen and paper, wrote out a declaration emancipating both the banker and his family from serfdom, and then, bowing courteously to the man who but a moment before had been his slave, exclaimed, "And, now, my dear Mr. Shalounine—will you give us the pleasure of your company at breakfast?"—New York Tribune.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.

A Great Power Generating Station Which Covers Little Ground.

Probably no other kinds of power plants afford better illustrations of the tendency to concentration than some of the modern splendidly equipped electric stations in large cities, where ground area has closely approached the maximum in value, and in which, therefore, economic considerations have dictated the putting of as much generating apparatus into as little space as human ingenuity would permit, with due regard to satisfactory performance. In some of these stations vertical engines and boilers in large units have been installed to the entire exclusion of horizontal designs, and in others, again, the saving in ground space thus secured has been still further augmented by setting engines and boilers in tiers, one above the other, giving a ratio of horsepower per square foot of ground area which a decade ago would have been thought quite beyond the limits of possibility.

In probably no station in the world has this concentration been carried out to greater degree, or to as great a one even, as in that of the Edison Electric Illuminating company in Duane street, in the city of New York. The ground covered by this measures 200 by 74 feet, and within this area provision has been made for nine 2,500 hosrepower engines, two of 1,250 horsepower each and three of 600 horsepower, giving a total of very nearly 27,000 horsepower, with a corresponding boiler plant, or only a little less than two horsepower per square foot. It would seem, indeed, as though economy in space could not well be carried much farther.—Cassier's Magazine.

Ingrowing Hair.

The barber was talking. "Ingrowing hairs in the face are often painful," he remarked, "but they aren't in it with ingrowing hairs under the finger nails. Fact, I assure you. Ask any barber, and he will tell you the same thing. How do they get there? Oh, that's simple enough. In cutting a man's hair, a short hair very often flies off the shears and lodges under the finger nail. We don't notice it at the time, and it gradually works its way in until it is completely out of sight. Then the trouble begins. Sometimes it takes root and grows out, but more often it just stays there and festers. Does the razor hurt? There you are, sir. Next!"—Philadelphia Record.

Waking a Shah.

An amusing story is told of how the late shah fell asleep when he should have been the chief guest at a reception. In Persia they believe that an awakened person suffers grievous injury. What was to be done? A band was dispatched to the shah's resting place with special instructions to the big drum. The result was successful.

Faith is letting down our nets into the transparent deeps, at the divine command, not knowing what we shall take.—Faber.

The Duchess of Teck is expected to get along somehow or other on an annual allowance of £5,000.

LIFE IN EASTERN BENGAL.

Conditions Which Render the Profuse Use of Opium a Necessity.

In 1857 it occurred to Dr. Palmer at Ghazipur to treat malarial fever with anarcotine derived from crude opium instead of with quinine. He was remarkably successful, and the drug is now in common use as an antiperiodic. But the characteristic of Indian opium is the preponderance in it of precisely this element. Can we, then, infer that opium is a prophylactic against malarial fever? To a certain extent we can, for statistics show that those who take daily 45 grains and upward of opium take enough anarcotine thereby to protect them absolutely against malarial poison, while any one taking over 16 grains will be more or less fortified. It may be mentioned, also, that the morphine element contributes its share as a prophylactic. In the light of these facts, it is interesting to note that in many districts opium consumption bears a close relation to the greater or less prevalence of malaria.

In Assam, for example, in the damp and low lying country on both banks of the Brahmaputra, the average annual consumption per head is 357 grains, the average for the whole province being 141, and in the Bhagalpur district of the Patna division the most malarious part has 42 per cent of the opium shops of the district for only 27 per cent of the population. One of the medical witnesses gave the following lively description of the conditions of life in eastern Bengal: "When a man wants to build a house, he first of all digs a tank, and with the earth from which he has dug the tank he raises a mound, and on the top of that mound he places his house.

"The elevation of that mound depends entirely upon the height to which the annual floods rise. The floods rise with fair regularity, but sometimes they go two or three inches higher than the average, and then the inhabitants of those houses have to live on rafts inside their houses, and their cattle are tethered up to their bellies in water. These people have generally no boats. They paddle about on rafts made of the plantain tree, and the boys go to school in what I call wash hand basins. They are earthen gumlas—earthenware pots. The boy sits at the bottom of the gumla and paddles to school." These poor people are often five miles from their nearest neighbor, and some 2,000,000 of them are dependent for qualified medical aid on a single European doctor with one assistant. What wonder that opium is their household remedy, and that when a man, disabled by malarial fever, finds that a dose of a quarter or half a grain of pure opium makes him a new man, and enables him to do the day's work without which his family would starve he takes it.—Chambers' Journal.

Scared by a Locomotive.

The Rev. A. S. Steele, editor of The Epworth Era, describes how, when 9 years old, he was scared nearly out of his wits by the sight of a locomotive. It was in the days when railroads were few, and the boy had never seen a train of cars.

I first saw the cars at the place where the L. and N. railroad crosses Hatchie river, a little west of Brownsville. We went there to take the train for Memphis. I was repeatedly assured by my parents that there was no danger at all, but their assurances only partly allayed my juvenile apprehensions.

We did not have long to wait. The engine whistled some time before it came into sight, and that whistle set my nerves on edge. I clung to my father, and when the monster appeared over the top of the grade I buried my face in his coat and screamed, in spite of his efforts to quiet me.

Just as the engine came opposite us the steam began to escape with a horrible spluttering noise. This was more than I could stand. I broke from my father and started for the woods.

A big pile of lumber was near by. I dived under that, clawing and squeezing up under the planks like a frightened rabbit. My father caught me by the heel and pulled me out.

Then, seizing me by main force, he carried me to the train, while I kicked and screamed like a savage, to the infinite amusement of the passengers. It took my father and mother and the conductor to get me aboard and push me into a seat.

My, my, how I struggled and kicked and scratched and fought and screamed! Do you suppose I wanted to be murdered straight out? I became quiet by and by, but I still dodged every time we passed a telegraph pole.

Tattooing by the Maori Race.

Major General Robley is the author of a singularly curious book, "Moko; or, Maori Tattooing." The New Zealand war of 1864-6, in which the author served, gave him this opportunity of studying on the spot that now almost extinct art. The expression, a well chisseled face, meant one thing to a Christian sculptor and another to a Maori decorator. The work contains more than 150 illustrations of designs and tattooed heads. There is no denying the fact that the Maoris could appreciate the beauty of lines and curves. One witnessing the really striking examples of their architectural ornamentation exhibited in South Kensington cannot but regret that they did not work less upon the human skin and more upon some other material. In General Robley's book, which is to be a 2 guinea quarto, beautifully printed, the history of the art is sketched and the various processes explained. The second section of the book deals with preserved heads, many of which, dating from 1770, are kept in European museums. It seems there are few, if any, such heads later than 1831, "when the traffic in Maori heads ceased." An illustration entitled "Preserved Heads of Maori Warriors Arrayed In Robes and Displayed by Their Conquerors" is singularly lifelike. It betrays at least a rudimentary sense of statuesque drapery.—London News.

GUANAJUATO'S CEMETERY.

A Queer Block of Stone Crypts on a Mountain Side—Coffins For Rent.

P. H. Mack of Inyo county, who is engaged, with Patrick Reddy, in some mining enterprises in the strange little state of Guanajuato, Mexico, 1,000 miles below El Paso, tells a remarkable story of the queer burial customs in the ancient city of Guanajuato, the capital of the little state, a place 350 years old. It is at the old city, in the heart of Mexico, where the burying ground is, that Mr. Mack is interested in the mining enterprise alluded to.

"The burying ground is on a high point of a mountain near the town," said he, "and is nearly 100 yards square. It is inclosed by a wall 12 feet in height and 8 feet thick, and in the walls are pigeonholelike places, or crypts, for the bodies.

"When a man dies, his relatives can, on the payment of $40, get him put in one of these crypts. The ends are sealed up, and he is allowed to stay there for five years. At the end of that time, if the relatives come forward and pay $100 more, the remains are allowed to remain there perpetually. If, however, the relatives have died, moved away or fail to put up the $100, the remains are taken out, carted away and put into a great yard near at hand, where remains have in like manner accumulated and where bones now lie 20 feet deep. There is a flight of steps leading down into a passageway which is 300 feet long. At the end of this passageway is a great excavation for the cast off bones. It is here that they are piled to such an immense depth.

"There are to be seen arms, legs, skulls and other bones at pleasure or to your horror, just as you take it. Not many Americans have ever been there, and of those who have, including some lady tourists, a number have fainted outright. The sight was too much for their nerves.

"There is a potter's field aside from all this as a part of the burying ground already told about, and this consists of a trench in which bodies are buried three deep without any kind of coffin.

"This being a burying ground and managed by the authorities, the coffins that are used are owned by the municipality, and it simply rents the coffin for use till the body is stowed away in the crypt told about awhile ago. The coffins are used over and over, and one of them may have previously had 20 bodies in it. It is kept as any other receptacle would be and is used as long as it will last.

"There is another adjunct to this remarkable burying ground. It is this: At the bottom of the stairs, on both sides of the 300 foot passageway, which is more properly a tunnel, are mummified bodies. They are sealed up in the holes on each side, and they dry up in such a way as to be preserved. An American down there managed to steal one of these bodies, as he thought it would be quite a curiosity to exhibit. He got the body out in some way and got clear to Guadalajara with it before he was discovered and brought back.

"The town of Guanajuato was founded in 1545. At one time it had 90,000 inhabitants, but now it has 50,000. You can imagine the vast number of deaths that must have occurred in this ancient town since it was started, and this is the only burying ground they have. The deceased citizens have all been stowed away there."—San Francisco Call.

The Otaheite Orange.

Among the many charming plants of recent introduction the Otaheite orange is most unique. With its dark, glossy, green foliage alone, it is a plant of unusual beauty, but when, in addition, it loads itself with true, fragrant orange blossoms, followed by a profusion of bright, miniature oranges, it constitutes a beautiful specimen indeed. It is a dwarf orange, and a plant not more than six inches high will bloom and fruit in a three inch pot. I have one not more than 10 months old as thrifty as an oak, blooming and fruiting in a five inch pot, and likely to remain in its present quarters for some time to come, as it is far from being root bound. It blooms most freely during winter, and for this reason should be well and symmetrically grown during the summer preceding. The blossoms are pure, pearly white; the outside tinged with soft pink, the color of the buds when grown in full sunlight. It is no unusual sight to see a plant bearing a load of ripened fruit, supplemented by a succession of lovely pink buds and creamy blossoms of the most delicious fragrance. Procure a young plant in the spring, fresh from a reliable florist. Mine never acknowledged it had been transplanted. It was given the semishade position described above, showered twice a day, and scale never troubled it. Blossoms came speedily, and all through the winter it has had a place close to the glass in an east bay window, with daily showerings, and it continues as beautiful and thrifty as ever. A moist atmosphere is a necessity.—Vick's Magazine.

New York's Fire Department.

Every city in the United States shows local pride in its firemen. Each claims that its department is one of the best (if not the best) in the country. The rivalry between some of the cities is at times quite amusing, and there is much discussion upon the merits of their own firemen, but New York city undoubtedly occupies today the enviable position of having, all things considered, the most thoroughly equipped and most efficient fire service in the world.

The apparatus is of the best. The horses, selected with care and judgment, are magnificent animals, and the men, picked from those thought to be best adapted for the work they must perform, are subjected to a most rigid physical examination before they are admitted to the service and afterward are trained in a school of instruction at fire headquarters that is complete in itself.—Charles Thaxter Hill in St. Nicholas.

Society Directory.

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The strain produced will vary with the square of the velocity of the wave, so that the train will exert four times the strain when it doubles its velocity, and nine times when it trebles its velocity.—Liverpool Mercury.

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